TEN CENT

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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The Farm and the Novel

THE recent extensive discussion of farm relief legislation in Congress and the press has catapulated into the public consciousness a figure which hitherto has played far less a rôle in the literature of this country than it has in that of European nations,—the farmer. For all its far-flung agricultural lands—perhaps, indeed, because they are so far-flung—the United States has never had a literature of the soil in the sense in which Great Britain or the Scandinavian countries have developed it. We have had, of course, novels dealing with the life of the farmer,—fine ones of late, like Edna Ferber's "So Big" and Ellen Glasgow's "Barren Ground,"—we have had tales in plenty that begin in the farm and end in the cities, we have had innumerable "Wild West" stories with the ranch for background, but with the exception of the latter which have partaken of the character of tales of adventure, they have been more or less sporadic incidents in the general progression of our literature.

They have been so largely, of course, because of the facts of our history. We have been pioneers, ever on the move, constantly striding on from one section of the country to another, and adventuring from one field of endeavor to a different. We have never as individuals been tied to the soil as was the European of feudal days and of necessity the peasant of the present, and always as a people have been too migratory, too fluent in our social composition, to achieve a tradition of service or attachment to it. The truck farmer of New England or Pennsylvania of one decade was the grain grower of the prairies in the next, and the graingrower of the plains became the urbanite and captain of industry of a following generation. We need no further evidence of that than the personnel of President Hoover's Farm Commission.

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In America two conditions have prevailed fairly generally in rural sections. In the thickly settled districts farms have been small, and the village has impinged its social life upon them or the city drawn them into its orbit. In the grain and cattle country holdings have been vast, so vast as to have imposed an isolation upon the farmer which while it intensely focussed activity and interest within its own sector operated to decentralize community life. That life of cot and wold which a thousand English novels and poems have depicted is practically unknown in America, and correspondingly absent from our literature. What our fiction has in the main portrayed is not life on the farm, but escape from the farm, or, when it is sentimentally inclined, return to the farm. Or it has exalted the "great, open spaces," and stressed the spectacular and romantic elements of life where "men are men."

Moreover, the great body of our literature of the soil has been produced not by writers who are a part of the life of the countryside but by those who from the distance of the town look back upon it with a distaste born of early laborious and unstimulating days or with a romantic yearning for the simplicity and quietude no longer to be achieved. In addition, so epic at times has been the advance of American agricultural development, that fiction has again and again concentrated interest on its dramatic rather than on its usual aspects. Such a book, for instance, as Cornelia Cannon's "Red Rust," for all its portrayal of the monotony, the struggle, and the disappointments of the agriculturist, introduces into its story an epic element that quite swamps its pastoral quality. Yet in depicting its heroine's struggle to plant a wheat that would withstand the ravages of nature Mrs. Cannon has but taken a page from our history.

What with the telephone, the radio, and the automobile rural America is rapidly being robbed of its isolation and its individuality. Not so many years ago statistics showed an appalling amount of insanity among farmers' wives which was ascribed to the loneliness of their existence; today mail order houses everywhere are finding it necessary to establish retail stores to hold the trade of the farmer who finds it more to his liking to motor to a shopping center than to order from a catalogue. When the radio carries to the remotest farm house a political speech, the latest vaudeville quip, or the first rumbling of a European imbroglio at the same instant that it reaches the city dweller, there can no longer be a rural population markedly different in outlook and interest from the urban. Curiously enough at the moment when American literature has come more than ever to look to the American scene for its themes, one part at least of that scene is losing much of its distinctiveness for literature. We shall, of course, have novels of farm life in the future,—

(*Continued on page* 4)

Everyman

By SIEGFRIED SASSOON

THE weariness of life that has no will
To climb the steepening hill:
The sickness of the soul for sleep, and to
be still.

And then once more the impassioned pygmy fist
Clenched cloudward and defiant;
The pride that would prevail, the doomed protagonist
Grappling the ghostly giant.

Victim and venturer turn by turn; and then
Set free to be again
Companion in repose with those who once were men.

This Week

"Dictionary of American Biography."
Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS.

"Men and Machines."
Reviewed by ORDWAY TEAD.

"The Prophet's Wife."
Reviewed by DOUGLAS TYACKE.

"Vivandière."
Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY.

Hakluyt's "Voyages."
Reviewed by CAPTAIN DAVID BONE.

"The Greek Anthology."
Reviewed by ALFRED R. BELLINGER.

The Bowling Green.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Recent Astronomical Books.
Reviewed by HENRY NORRIS RUSSELL.

Next Week, or Later

The Anniversary.
By FRANK SIMONDS.

Regional Portraiture*

By HOWARD W. ODUM

University of North Carolina

BLACK ULYSSES at the late war sustains a fine continuity and rhythm in his recurring *motif*, "This old worl's rollin' on. . . . Been mighty change since I been born . . . change where I been, never changed me." Nor does he essay less when he affirms with simple force that "What you read about in the books I can tell you and mo' 'cause I was there, Lawdy, Lawd, I was there."

A review of recent literature by and about the Negro might convince one that Black Ulysses is not so far from the truth after all. There has been a mighty change, and the Negro has been "there." The turn of a century, the rise of an epoch, the aftermath of a conflict, the stirrings of a social process —these are always of importance in their elemental significance to people and nation. This is particularly true of the Negro. In no aspect of the American scene perhaps has recent transformation been more marked or development more accelerated than that in which the intellectual Negro has played his part. To say that it is an unusual record is commonplace. Robert E. Park has referred to this renaissance as a new philosophy of life, a rational basis of new hopes, new attitudes, and new racial and social traits. It is important, therefore, he thinks, to judge Negro literature as an "integral part of a single tradition, and as a unique collective experience." And Allain Locke has referred to this new expression as a sort of composite picture of the new Negro mind and spirit reflecting its influence upon Negro life.

And yet it is doubtful whether there is a "new Negro" except as there is a "new" South and a "new" Times. Again, Black Ulysses may be right: "Change where I been, never changed me." For the first time conditions make it possible for the Negro to tell more of what he thinks, and to express with some degree of freedom what he has long thought. This expression has been achieved not only with artistry, but also with frankness. And the measure of it has been a story convincing and satisfying, vivid, factual, and objective. In 1928, Mr. Locke in his "A Decade of Negro Self-Expression" listed more than six score such contributions, to which have been added since that time others of distinction.

* * *

Alongside the American Negro's own literary record of his cultural development during the decade immediately following the Great War there have appeared contributions from white authors presenting many aspects of Negro life and experience. And allowing for much that is false and superficial there still remains a considerable body of literature which purports not only to describe Negro life but also to portray universal human experience in terms of folk expression and folk patterns.

This combination of Negro and white authors has resulted in what appears to be a substantial con-

* WHAT THE NEGRO THINKS. By ROBERT RUSS MOTON. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1929. $2.50.
ROPE AND FAGGOT. By WALTER W[illiams]. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1929. $3.
BANJO. By CLAUDE MCKAY. New York: Harper & Bros. 1929. $2.50.
BLACK MAGIC. By PAUL MORAN[d]. New York: Viking Press. 1929. $3.
NIGGER TO NIGGER. By E. [Burton Rogers]. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1928.
THE AMERICAN NEGRO. The *Annals* of the American Academy of Political and Social Science. 1928.

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ution and continuing promise to literature ough what we may call regional portraiture. And particular such promise seems imminent in the outh, extending as well to other folk-backgrounds nd patterns as to the Negro. It is, as it were, the presentation of regional truth or situations through a sort of romantic realism. Or it is, again, the attempt to portray universal experience in terms of regional patterns. And the range of possible contributions extends all the way from a task in social analysis to a Pulitzer award in drama or fiction.

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Here is the President of Tuskegee, in the heart of the South, writing frankly and with simple eloquence and good taste about what the Negro himself thinks of the experiences to which he is subjected because of his race and color. "The Negro thinks" that he "faces handicaps, suffers discriminations, is meted injustices, which make of the race the most underprivileged group in American life." And perhaps he is only "thinking out loud" when he affirms that he wants "that equality of opportunity which is the pride of America." And again "the thinking Negro wants for himself and his children the same things the white man wants for himself and his children." The "Negro thinks" further that there is "no essential difference between white people and black people to warrant such discrimination as is practiced against all Negroes . . . no ideals or standards to which the white man has attained of which the Negro is not capable." Once again the Negro thinks the white man's boast that he "knows the Negro" is but evidence of how little he does know about the race. Such a boast is received by the Negro with a faint and knowing smile, but on the other hand the Negro thinks he knows far more about the white man than the white man knows about the Negro. And many white men who have come to think clearly are convinced that such is the case.

Many other thoughts of the Negro hitherto not expressed in this way are set forth with studied effort to avoid luridness and extremes. Two recent incidents reflect illuminating commentaries upon

largest auditorium of the [illegible]
lina, the two other speakers being Governor Gardner and President Brooks of the North Carolina State College of Agriculture and Engineering—both natives of the old North State. And still later Mr. Moton addressed a mixed audience in the courthouse of a South Georgia town in which one block of the crowd was composed of young women from a white denominational woman's college in that city. And he was well received. Over against this, of course, is the flare up over the De Priest incident at Washington which revealed clearly that the white South is not thinking because it is inconceivable that the South which has shown such appreciation of Mr. Moton's book would comment editorially upon the White House incident as it did except in unthinking reactions and political moods.

"What the Negro Thinks" tells a fair story also of recent progress, erring rather on the side of conservatism. It discusses the key problems of dissatisfaction, seeking to tell "an interested public where the hurt is." These are chiefly in attitudes, in the courts, in common carriers, in schools, in housing and community opportunities, in government and politics, in public sentiment, and especially in the failure of the white man to let the Negro have adequate part in helping solve his own problem. Withal, however, the book is optimistic and shows unusual perspective and poise. Its publication and reception mark an epoch for both races.

* * *

"Rope and Faggot" presents a still more frank discussion of many aspects of the race question. While having for its sub-title "A Biography of Judge Lynch," it really takes lynching, regarded as of "only minor importance," as an occasion for presenting a regional "symptom of a malodorous economic and social condition." So the various "ingredients" are considered—economic forces, race prejudice, religion, sex, politics, journalism, and theories of racial superiority and inferiority. These are undoubtedly elements, just as they are elements in other major social problems and they should be analyzed. The book is undoubtedly the most vivid document that has appeared of the lynching situation in America. All that is said against lynching and lynchers should be said and more. And it should be repeated. This book, too, represents an important stage in the expression of what the Negro thinks. In some ways it contrasts with Mr. Moton's book. Whereas "What the Negro Thinks" aims rather "to speak the truth in love," "Rope and Faggot" tends rather toward bitter characterization and attack. Certainly both patterns are important and it would be unusual, if the author of "Rope and Faggot," with his experiences, training, and viewpoints, should not adopt his present mode.

There is much, however, to criticize in the book. It seems unfortunate that lynching should be considered a minor matter rather than made a basic, vivid, objective. By treating so many of the fundamental economic, social, and psychic factors of civilization the author has divided attention and energies. The effort to apply too many aspects of science to the problem weakens the whole treatment and confuses the issue. In seeking to be "scientific" there has been danger of the unscientific treatment, and in passing judgments upon many men of science the author needlessly brings into the attention disturbing currents.

In attacking so many authors as "scientists who seek to rationalize . . . to find data which confirm their preconceived notions" . . . and in ascribing to so many "the human propensity to believe those things that coincide with one's prejudice and interests, and the equally human inclination to disregard all evidence, however sound and unquestionable, which runs contrary to those prejudices and interests," Mr. White sets up controversy which need not enter into the problem of lynching about which there should be no controversy. And he lays himself open to the same attack when he c
pseudo-scientists all those who disagree
views of race, while acclaiming as "scho
scientists worthy of the name" all those wh
Thus to set up Hankins, severe critic of th
as contributing to the prejudice which "play
insignificant part in making lynching
seems an unnecessary departure from the
hand.

* * *

monotony. And yet they are admirable examples of effective portraiture and of the theme of "what the Negro thinks," in which they present many samplings, illuminating indeed to the white man who "knows the Negro." Here indeed, in "Banjo" is the Negro: "American, West Indian, Senegalese, British West African and East African blacks and mulattoes, a goodly gang of them, and one little brown woman." Here appear frankness and artistry, naturalness and abandon, from Bugsy who hates "white folks like pi'son" and "finished with life as he had lived it, a belligerent, hard-fisted black boy" to the "book fellah" whose mind might tell him to do one thing and "them books persweah" him to do another. Here are vivid expressions of what the Negro thinks in such variety as to represent regional portraiture, but far from the southern scene.

If Mr. DuBois, although characterizing Claude McKay as an international Negro, nevertheless feels that "Banjo" has "the characteristic reaction of the West Indian who does not thoroughly know his America," so Walter White, author of "Rope and Faggot" and collaborator in the translation of "Black Magic," thinks Paul Morand is sometimes far from accuracy in his portraiture of what the Negro does and thinks. Nevertheless, "Black Magic's" story, gleaned from "30,000 miles" in "twenty-eight Negro countries," is full of vivid portraiture, as Black Ulysses would say "all sorts and kinds." Four stories from the United States, one from the West Indies, and three from Africa comprise the pattern. How much there is of poetic license, such as has appeared in many recent volumes dealing with Africa, the black man and magic, in Morand's portraiture, this reviewer is unable to say. One thing seems clear, and that is that several persons to whom he has submitted the book find it fascinating reading, and undoubtedly the book presents vivid pictures.

Once again, in the last two volumes listed the scene and types of portraiture shift rapidly, nevertheless continuing with much of what the Negro thinks. "Nigger to Nigger," while set in the Negro colloquial pattern of the common man, might also be entitled the musings and reflections of the folk-

wise Negro about the customs, morals, and doings of the white folks—buckra and high. And if there is poetic license which allows for varied interpretation of the Negro's feelings and thoughts through the keen interpretation of the white man, that is nevertheless portraiture for power and appeal. "It's hard sometimes to understand a white folk's mind," says the chief speaker. And hard to understand
own, for "I have thought an' dream, an' I d
beautiful dream, but it seem like I ain' kin
dream. . . . I come from wey de door is
I come to wey it still is closed. All I go
an' dey is drowned." And again, "w
a poor helpless ooman, tears an' w a
flower. . . ."

"Nigger to Nigger" is full of ex of portraiture, rich in humor and pathos, mile and folk-tale, in philosophy and beauty. hese can be enjoyed by reading the book, and we turn now to the final volume, "The American Negro," a special issue of the *Annals* of the American Academy of Political and Social Science. It's "portraiture" again is different—the story of the most significant "information brought forth in the last few years . . . knowledge of the distinctly cultural attainments of his leaders as well as of cold economic and social statistics of the masses," presented in a series of pictures by some twenty-five whote, and sixteen Negro, authors. The manner of the volume is characteristic of the present movement in that its chief editorial advisor was Charles S. Johnson of Fisk University, and the book itself was distinguished with jacket in color design by Aaron Douglas and frontispiece by J. L. Wells, both Negro artists who chose subjects "symbolic of the more recent industrial contribution of their race to American Progress." The aggregate picture presented in this volume is composed of seven parts, relating respectively to race relations, the Negro as an element in the population of the United States, the legal status of the Negro in the United States, the economic achievement of the Negro, the mental ability and achievement of the Negro, organization for social betterment, and race relations in other lands. Of the pictures presented ten have been

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Perhaps it will not be amiss for this reviewer to look at the picture represented by these and other similar volumes, and report some of the things which he thinks he sees there. On the part of the Negro authors: Literary portraits reflecting a new realism. A new frankness and courage to face facts without fear, excitement, or apologies. Pride and artistry in the rediscovery and interpretation of a rich folk-background of the race. Acclaim of youthful authors, valued and valuable, but not infallible or supremely mature. A new understanding of the challenge to achieve universal, as well as racial, standards of excellence. Race consciousness and urge alongside integral participation in American life and cultural development. A race and a national epoch. The promise of balance and poise in an over-enthusiastic and highly charged atmosphere. A new tolerance, charity, and patience. A mellowed bitterness. A mature vision of racial coöperation, race development, and understanding. A new outlook and with it a new zest, well tempered by the twin forces of opportunity and obligation. The Negro author may see this and more, or he may see something less and of a different sort.

On the part of white authors: An important minority group manifesting an increasing knowledge of the Negro, a natural sympathy, and a coöperative venture in helping the Negro take his earned place in the tide and affairs of the present era. James Weldon Johnson, without agreeing to all the portraiture of the white authors, still believes their work to be one of the major factors in the present development. There appears to be further: An appreciation of the artistic elements and background in Negro life and experience. An effort to influence the public to "look at" rather than "feel about" the Negro, to see him as he really is rather than as he might be or as the white man has thought he was or ought to be. The recognition of a neglected field of literature and volution of folklore, folk songs, and folk patterns . . . and much more. But we should much prefe to know what the Negro thinks about this part of the present scene, from his viewpoint.

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From Barsotti to Brazer

DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY. Edited by ALLEN JOHNSON. Volume II: Barsotti to Brazer. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1929.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

NOT less thorough, scholarly, or valuable than the first volume, this second instalment of our own Dr. Johnson's Dictionary carries its roster of notable Americans from Charles Barsotti, who founded and edited *Il Progresso*, to John Brazer, a Unitarian clergyman who expounded transcendentalism before Emerson. The diminution in interest is due to the comparative paucity of distinguished names. There are no great groups here like the Adamses and Bancrofts; there is not a single President, though the first volume had three; there are no really eminent statesmen save Benton and Blaine, and no great generals, writers, or scientists. It is true that two famous newspaper dynasties are represented, the Bowles family and the James Gordon Bennetts, while in politics we have the Blairs, the Blands, and the Bayards, and on the stage the Booths. But on the whole it is a volume of minor figures. The test for editors and authors is all the more severe for this: it is more difficult to utter the significant and adequate facts about a man in five hundred words than in five thousand, and to obtain any facts at all on an obscure person often means laborious search in original records. But however successful, a gallery of little men will not hold the reader so well as a gallery in which we can look for household names and towering figures.

Once more the even-handed attention of the editors to all sides of American achievement, avoiding that excessive attention to letters and politics which has marked previous compilations of the kind, is notable. The essay-sketches (for such they are) of the major artists in this volume, Paul Bartlett and Karl Bitter, both written by Adeline Adams, are especially good: closely-packed, vivid, discriminating. Industry is represented by some names which should be more familiar to Americans than they are. There are, of course, Etienne Boré, who founded the sugar-industry of Louisiana, and George Henry Bissell, who was the first American to divine the commercial possibilities of petroleum, who organized the first oil-company, and who first suggested boring for oil. The railway builders find a representative in Frederick Billings, to whom the chief credit for the completion of the Northern Pacific, so long usurped by Henry Villard, should unquestionably go. It is pleasant to find ample space given to humanitarian workers like Charles Loring Brace, founder of the Children's Aid Society, Henry Bergh, founder of the S. P. C. A., and Henry Ingersoll Bowditch, pioneer leader of the public health movement in America. (Unfortunately only fifteen lines out of three columns go to Bowditch's health work, though it is stated to be his "greatest service," and his activities as a pioneer of model housing are ignored.) Mme. Blavatsky is here, with an entertaining account of her theosophical crusade and her personality—"she was enormously corpulent, was slovenly in dress, gorged herself on fat meat, smoked incessantly, and swore like a trooper." Even distinction in crime again appears as a warrant to immortality. Billy the Kid, already a legendary figure in the Southwest, could not be overlooked, and there is a graphic sketch of Sam Bass, horse-thief and desperado. But Lizzie Borden of the ax and the forty whacks has been omitted.

In point of scholarship the volume again seems well-nigh impeccable. Readers will once more note the inevitable and probably on the whole proper tendency of writers dealing with a controversial figure to present him in a favorable light. One would not suspect from the otherwise able sketch of Thomas F. Bayard that his services as ambassador to England were distinctly disappointing not merely to Congress (the House passed a resolution of censure) but to Cleveland, to Secretary Olney, and to the more discerning English leaders. To him attaches much of the blame for the unnecessary gravity assumed by the Venezuela affair. Nicholas Biddle, "littérateur, scholar, statesman, financier," as he is here described, has of course long been a centre of warring opinions. He is an attractive figure, and it is proper to present him as "a great gentleman and scholar"; but it is impossible to understand him, his disastrous failure in politics, and his partial failure as a financier, without mentioning his weaknesses—and they are not even hinted at. Even some of his virtues were dangerous. As William Graham Sumner has said, his polished pen, used in letter-writing, "ran away with him." He was a bit too much of a great gentleman, and he flaunted his greatness and gentlemanliness too boldly for the Jacksonian era. The same softening of tones appears in the portrait of the fiery, irritable, restless Frank P. Blair, whose proper element was hot water and who always kept in it. Why say that Blair in 1864 made a speech in Congress "against Secretary Chase and the Radicals whom he derisively called Jacobins?" Blair was never so mild; he made a speech against Chase whom he angrily called corrupt. There is much in this valuable account of Frank Blair (as of his brother Montgomery Blair) which appears for the first time; but the rugged pugnacity of the man hardly has proper emphasis.

With little doubt the two most difficult subjects in the volume were James G. Blaine and Henry Ward Beecher; and the treatments, by Carl Russell Fish and Harris E. Starr respectively, are masterly. Professor Fish marks Blaine's contributions to our foreign policy as his chief title to remembrance, and ably defines these contributions. Mr. Starr sums up the Beecher-Tilton affair with a few judicious words, and devotes most of his paper to a lucid and penetrating exposition of Beecher's intellectual, moral, and emotional qualities, and the part they played in his career. Not less able are some of the briefer sketches, like that of John Wilkes Booth; while here and there are scattered original contributions to knowledge of great importance. The biography of Robert Montgomery Bird, by Arthur Hobson Quinn, for example, built almost entirely upon manuscript materials, does something to establish in his proper place a writer who seems to have been unjustly neglected because till recently his plays remained unpublished. So with William Bartram, the naturalist, by Lane Cooper; with Jeremiah S. Black, by Roy S. Nichols; and with Park Benjamin, by William B. Cairns. These contain facts which have never before been placed in print, and which will be welcomed by a multitude of students. Throughout, the volume is lit up by characteristic anecdotal bits and quotations chosen for their light upon personality. It is interesting to read of the loyal Yankee named Josiah Bartlett, who, attending in London in 1783 a play in which the American soldiers were caricatured as riff-raff, sprang up and shouted: "Hurrah, Great Britain beaten by barbers, tailors, and tinkers!" It is interesting to know that on the tombstone of Sam Bass, the desperado, is the inscription, "A brave man reposes in death here. Why was he not true?" It may be predicted that the literary expertness and polish of this undertaking will increase as the contributors seize the opportunity of modelling their work upon the best sketches already published.

SHEEP SHEARING

From "The Woodcut," edited by Herbert Furst. (London: The Fleuron. New York: Random House.)

The student cannot do without these volumes. The general reader should make their acquaintance. Even an idle persual of these pages will teach anyone something of the variety of American character and the strange contrasts of the American scene. Here side by side, under the shelter of the second word of the alphabet, are the idealistic reformer, James G. Birney, and the bribe-taker, Secretary Belknap; the Civil War photographer, Matthew Brady, and the recklessly charming playwright, Dion Boucicault; the President Bascom who at Wisconsin inspired LaFollette, and Blennerhasset with his tragic story of ruin at Aaron Burr's hands; Judah P. Benjamin, who made a career under three flags, and the Sieur de Bienville, so gallantly loyal to one. Here are the essential facts of their lives, the chief traits of their characters, and the reasons for their importance in American history, carefully and clearly set forth.

Ethics Under Mac

MEN AND MACHINES. By STUA. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1929.

Reviewed by ORDWAY TEAD

IF Walter Lippmann's recent book is correctly characterized as a "Preface to Morals," Stuart Chase's latest reflections constitute a remarkably complementary preface to ethics. He here joins forces with those few evaluators of modern life who are incisive because increasingly realistic. Indeed Mr. Chase is in the front rank of observers who refuse to be swept off their feet by sentiment or diverted from the main issues because of bad training or retrospective ideals. He is incorrigibly a modern, healthily robustious, vigorously hopeful in the manner of the true creator with the will to insight.

This book is concerned with the incidence of machinery upon modern life in all its manifold ramifications. Numerous of the pessimistic prophets are quoted to show how great a volume of opinion is abroad that we are going to the dogs because of machinery,—either directly in the case of the machine tenders, or indirectly in our capacity as machine owners, or as users of the vast outpourings of today's mechanical productivity. A whole range of subsidiary issues is considered in order to discover whether machinery has helped more than it has hurt. He weighs in successive chapters the influences of monotony, the loss of hand skill, social standardization, poor quality of goods, unwise use of leisure, technological unemployment. The evidence adduced to show that things are not as bad as they may seem and that, on the whole, the benefits outweigh the evils is not, of course, statistically conclusive for the simple reason that adequate supporting data on those problems have never been compiled. But by a judicious use of the sampling method over a wide range of partial documentary sources, the author shows that at least he has more facts on his side than have the apostles of futility and gloom. And he further shows that these consequences are not as yet beyond human control, but may by deliberate effort be brought more and more into harmony with human well-being.

Particularly sound and tim
his insistence that machine t
not the nightmare of widespread mental undoing that it has often been portrayed by the contemporary successors of Blake and Ruskin. The number of industrial workers exposed to the most deadening processes of labor is progressively decreasing. The true character and effect of the work is often not so restrictive as it seems to the observer. And to a certain extent the worker finds his mental level in work—a tendency which could be definitely assisted by conscious study and control. The conclusion is that on the whole machinery is not fostering a race of morons but is rather coming progressively under the direction of human agents who are more and more using it to abate drudgery and lessen the stultifying, disheartening labors of the modern Sisyphus.

Not that this is any pollyanna discussion or whitewashing of the outside of an unwholesome sepulchre! Mr. Chase is a quantitative student whenever quantities are available to be studied. And in his analysis three outstanding problems remain as preëminently serious, stubborn, and challenging to possible progress. These are the dangers of mechanized warfare, which are painted as horrific beyond words; of "technological tenuousness" which leaves no one individual with knowledge of more than a very small fraction of the technical resources necessary to order his life; of the "mounting drain upon natural resources" which may soon deplete the supply of certain necessary raw materials leaving no adequate substitute available.

He thus leaves a clear picture of a group of problems which can be controlled if we will and of three which require the soberest consideration. With this evaluation of the relative seriousness of the several results of machinery's introduction, I find myself in complete agreement.

The last chapter, dealing with the "billion wild horses" of mechanical energy whose power machinery today releases, outlines a problem of functional control of economic forces of tremendous magnitude. Beware delegating executive functions, warns Mr. Chase in a way that suggests the present efforts of a Ramsay MacDonald, to lawyers, actors, bankers, orators, professional labor leaders, politicians, or radicals. We can come to working and tolerable terms with the machine only by taking thought, by creative

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intelligence, by experimental and deliberately directed effort by leaders who know what they want. It thus appears that in the field of economic endeavor the same disinterested quality of outlook and reflection, the same sanity and maturity of action are required that Mr. Lippmann urges in his book as the requirement of satisfactory individual adjustment to life as a whole. Where Lippmann treats of the individual facing the world, this essay treats of the dilemmas existing in the environing world he faces. If the reader of Mr. Lippmann's book gets a vague sense of what maturity implies in relation to living on the economic side of one's life, let him turn for understanding and at least a suggestion of guidance to Mr. Chase's book. Here the nature of his personal responsibilities for disinterestedness and adult selfhood in the setting of the necessary preoccupations of providing a livelihood, is pictured for him more truly and vividly than in any other one book I can think of.

Mr. Chase has done this with preëminent success. He has shown the modern everyman—not merely the industrialist who already knows something of the problems to which machinery gives rise—what these problems mean to him and require of him. He thus supplies, at least between the lines, a wholesome corrective to much of the current writing of the futilitarian school. That "modern temper," which Mr. Krutch has recently characterized so well, has resulted in a good deal of personal withdrawal from and indifference to social and industrial problems on the part of both "tired radicals" and lukewarm liberals. The very passivity which this temper fosters only helps to continue and augment that sense of futility in the face of large issues. A vicious circle has thus been created since the war in which many of those now in the thirties and early forties move without benefit of hope or sense of direction. Mr. Chase throws to those in this futilitarian quagmire the only psychologically sound lifeline that there is. He intuitively and temperamentally hits upon the way out; he knows that neither logic nor preachment will help. What he says in effect is that it is only in work and effort on behalf of a given purpose that the purpose comes to have reality and attractiveness. In the very activity toward mastery and control required on the part of consumers as well as those more closely allied with operating industry, lies the way to gain a more positive and less despairing outlook on life as a whole. And this is the more true because today under machinery economic activity in its broadest conception necessarily ramifies into so large a fraction of the entire area of life. The despair can in other words disappear only where there is action and where that action is directed toward solving problems which people know can be solved.

* * *

Mr. Chase, a realist with sufficient breadth of culture to see how closely actions connected with earning our daily bread affect the whole esthetic, social, and spiritual side of life, shows in concrete terms certain unpleasant but necessary problems from which no individual can ethically escape, no matter how far removed he may personally conceive himself to be from responsibility for the conduct of economic life—if not as a producer then as a consumer. In this realism, and in the action it implies and entails, is to be found life and the hope of life for everyman.

It is still true, this essay shows, that "he would know the will must do the will"; that to do justice and love mercy are the conditions of seeing their significance and finding their personally regenerative worth. Doing justice today involves some technical expertness and modernness of mind. Loving mercy involves acting mercifully. Without offering a program or a panacea, Mr. Chase does breathe the breath of life and vigor into the conception of personal living in a complex economic arena. That is why he seems to me to take Mr. Lippmann's valiant and highminded thesis as to the essence of mature personal living and tie it down to action and responsibility for action in a helpful and indeed a necessary way. These are fundamentally volumes one and two of the same spirited apology for modern life and faith—a faith that gets its reënforcement where faith has always found its justification, namely in works.

Mr. Chase writes exceedingly well. He is blessed with a style which is limpid, alive, and at times humorous. No heavy-handedness curses his statement; his audience is always in his mind. And the result is a study requiring attention from all who want to be aware of the true nature of their surroundings today and of the human purposes implicit in the challenge which the machine environment offers to human nature. Mr. Chase has joined the honorable company of the positivists of his generation like Lippmann, Bourne, Edman, Tugwell, Mumford, and Laski in England, who see conditions as they are, but insist that in creative effort alone will be found the genuine source of generative power and regenerative hope.

The Flaw in the Crystal

THE PROPHET'S WIFE. By R. O. Prowse. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by Douglas Tyacke

THERE have been many books and stories attesting the truth of the old saying that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country, and in his own house. Putting it in more modern terms, much has been written to show the essential loneliness of a great man. But here is a novel which deals with the reasons why a man may fail to be appreciated by those who are nearest and dearest to him—his own wife, for example. It is a shrewd and penetrating study of motives and moods and emotions, and a keen and searching analysis of the lives of two people who put forth every effort to make the proper adjustments, but are doomed to failure from the very start for a slight but very fundamental and an ineradicable cause.

Since the emphasis is laid on the character development of the two persons chiefly concerned, the story becomes of secondary importance. The founder of a new religion which has for its principal tenet the "Ideal of the Good, the Beautiful, the True," John Hepworth in his own life is very much the embodiment of this ideal. But his personality lacks the supreme touch of love and understanding; his message is more of the mind than of the heart. For this reason he is unable strongly to recognize people as individuals. Furthermore, his capacity for being always right, his intellectual superiority, and his spiritual dominance have produced an egoism that is as powerful as it is inevitable. And he can take, but never give. He takes everything his wife, Susan, has to offer, but it is not enough; she never understands him, never quite believes in him. And he, besides failing to make allowance for her individuality, seems at times even unaware of the fact that she *is* his wife. The tragedy of their lives is the price exacted for his greatness. That it is a much greater tragedy for Susan, the prophet's wife, it is, I think, the purpose of this book to prove.

However, there is no doubt about the abiding greatness of John, whom one finds deserving only of pity and never of blame. A wholesome sincerity and fearless honesty mark the interplay of character as well as the author's own treatment of his subjects. The psychological method is not an easy one to follow, becoming at intervals involved, repetitious, and even dull, but nevertheless in the hands of a skilful writer it can be used with telling effect. Much brilliant, even beautiful, writing has gone into the making of "The Prophet's Wife," and the handling of this age-old theme is subtle and sympathetic.

A Magnificent Adventure

VIVANDIÈRE! By Phœbe Fenwick Gaye. New York: Horace Liveright. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by Garrett Mattingly

JULIE was born to the sound of a salvo of guns; she was weaned at three weeks and put on the bottle. Only it wasn't milk in the bottle, it was brandy! She could walk at nine months, talk at a year, and had a remarkable vocabulary of bad language before she was three. She traveled over half the globe, Egypt, Spain, and Austria; but there is no Egyptian Sphinx and no Fata Morgana with half the guts of Julie. The only doll she had was a cannon sponge on a used fuse stick, dressed in a soldier's waistcoat, and the only time she ever had a roof over her head which didn't let the water in was when she was in quod. Her cradle was a shell-box hung from a tripod of guns; her christening robes were two standards taken from the Italians at Lodi; her first sabots were looted from a Swiss shop. She was at Vienna and Austerlitz and made the most of both. (A kid can get away with things her parents would be hung for.) She learnt German at Berlin but was down with the measles at the battle of Jena and missed the fun. Eylau, Danzig, Friedland, Rome, Vimeiro, Wagram, Talavera, she knew them all! "She was born vivandière and she'll die in her shoes like the rest of us." So Gibeau, the regimental blacksmith describes the heroine of this novel which tells how Julie followed the *Grande Armée* into Russia and out again in the fateful year 1812.

Artfully the description evokes all the glories of the Napoleonic empire and makes us ask what better symbol could be of that magnificent swashbuckling adventure than the hardy, romantic little vivandière. Julie is scarcely, as her former hero, Lieutenant St. Syriac points out toward the last page, "the spirit of Joan of Arc," but she is almost an incarnation of that more vital spirit, Marianne herself. Upon this symbolism, Miss Gaye nowhere insists. Her attempt is to present Julie realistically and for exactly what she is. Considering the labor of historical imagination involved, the resulting study is amazingly convincing.

It is not the character of Julie, however, nor her relations with the two aristocratic lieutenants St. Syriac, not her loves and adventures, though they supply the thread upon which the narrative is strung, which is the real meat of the book. What emerges from Miss Gaye's brilliant pages is the picture of the *Grande Armée* itself as it uncoils its slow length through the heat and dust of the Russian summer towards fabulous Moscow and then writhes slowly back along its desolate and blood-stained track. In all modern history there is no more epic page, none which more fascinated the historically minded artists of the nineteenth century. Any writer who undertakes Napoleon's Russian campaign competes with Tolstoy and with Victor Hugo. In English only Joseph Conrad has added any memorable touches to their panorama, and he tried only in vignettes. Miss Gaye has attempted to cover the whole vast canvas, and she has not egregiously failed.

There is not, it is true, an epic quality to her writing. She has cunningly framed her story so as not to appear to desire so much. But she has achieved authentic and unforgettable glimpses. Of these the best are taken straight from contemporary documents, the fruit of patient research: the looting of Smolensk, Moscow smoldering while the army stared questioningly northward, the discarding of packs and equipment, the sudden breath of the Russian winter and the first frozen bird that fell among the incredulous, awe-stricken Frenchmen, the wild rush of the Cossacks, the three Russian women frozen dead in their coach, the terrible passage of the Beresina, to such details, winnowed from the masses of published letters and memoirs of the campaign, Miss Gaye has given the vivifying touch of imagination which makes them literature. Most writers have dwelt exclusively upon the desperation and the somber horror of that grim retreat; "Vivandière" captures also something of the army's indomitable spirit which alone made possible its escape. For that single reason, and even if the story of Julie were less interesting than Miss Gaye makes it "Vivandière" would be a notable historical novel.

The Farm and the Novel

(*Continued from page* 1)

good ones, if the indications do not play us false,—but those novels will of necessity diverge further and further from the tradition as they are increasingly drawn by the facts to deal with personalities played upon by the forces that are shaping our national life as a whole rather than by the isolation which in the past gave to agricultural existence a unique character.

The Saturday Review of Literature

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The Principal Navigations

THE PRINCIPAL NAVIGATIONS, VOYAGES, TRAFFIQUES AND DISCOVERIES OF THE ENGLISH NATION. By RICHARD HAKLUYT. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1927, 1928. 10 vols. $30.

RICHARD HAKLUYT AND THE ENGLISH VOYAGES. By GEORGE BRUNER PARKS. Edited by JAMES A. WILLIAMSON. New York: The American Geographical Society. 1928. $5.

Reviewed by CAPTAIN DAVID W. BONE

IT is curious that the incidence of a serious illness, now happily at an end, should have brought these two books together upon my desk for comment or review. Comment it must be, for it would be as much an impertinence on my part to review Professor Park's book as to criticize the work of the great Elizabethan. I can conceive no better exercise in appreciation of patient Hakluyt than the reading of his expounder's scholarly biography; indeed, my task as a commentator on this new publication of "The Principal Navigations" is made difficult by the very excellence of Special Publication No. 10 of the American Geographical Society. There is little to be said concerning Hakluyt and his great epic of sea warfare, commerce, and seafaring that is not exhaustively dealt with in Professor Park's book.

Hakluyt issued his great work, "The Principal Navigations," in one quarto volume in 1589. In it, he subscribes himself a Master of Artes, and sometime Student of Christ Church in Oxford. He would be about thirty-six years of age at the time of publication. He is not known ever to have been at sea and his primary interest in the seafaring of the Elizabethans was that of a scholar keenly concerned with geography, the précis of navigation, and the advancement of English ventures oversea. Ordained deacon and priest in the Church of England about 1583, he could not have devoted himself seriously to the professions of the clergy although he did hold office as Chaplain of the English Embassy in France, an occupation that gave him opportunity to examine the records of continental seafarers. As lecturer on Geography at Christ Church in Oxford, he made his mission clear.

> . . . my exercises of duty first performed, I fell to my intended course and by degrees read over whatsoever printed or written discoveries and voyages I found extant, either in the Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, Portugal, French, or English languages, and in my public lectures was the first that produced and showed both the old imperfectly composed, and the new lately reformed maps, globes, spheres, and other instruments of this Art for demonstration in the common schools, to the singular pleasure and general contentment of my auditory. In continuance of time, and by reason principally of my insight in this study, I grew familiarly acquainted with the Chiefest Captains at sea, the greatest Merchants, and the best Mariners of our nation.

A larger edition of his "Principal Navigations" was published, 1598-1600, in three volumes. The title-page of the first volume of this edition was altered in later copies, as the account given in it of the expedition to Cadiz was suppressed. Of modern date, the best edition is that of Messrs. James MacLehose & Sons, Glasgow, 1903, in twelve volumes, but that issue is not now easily obtainable. Messrs. Dutton, therefore, are doing public service in placing this attractive edition at a moderate price upon the bookseller's shelves, particularly so as the text used is that of the Scottish edition, competently edited by Mr. S. Douglas Jackson. John Masefield's Introduction, as in the Everyman Library edition—of which this present issue is a reprint—deals with Elizabethan ships and seamen and depicts the stage upon which the gallant venturers played manly parts.

Among the many papers that litter my desk, the postal flotsam of some months, lies the Objects and Constitution of the British Empire League. I note the names and titles of Patron and President, of Chairman and Chancellor, but I would propose a Patron Saint for the Organization and he, St. Richard Hakluyt, Preacher—as so humbly he describes himself—for he, of all men, saw Empire clearly, not as the vainglorious crown of conquest, but as a mission of commerce and exchange and friendship. While toll of sea battles are necessarily patent in the pages of "The Principal Navigations," he is more seriously concerned with the merchantman's voyages and the fruits thereof, not alone in monetary reward but rather in the advancement of commerce through peaceful navigations. He saw not only the waving banners of sea-warriors and the glory of their martial encounters, but lauded less spectacular victory in far voyages, in the opening to commerce of distant lands, in the wisdom and hardihood of the Merchant Venturers. He realized the value to the nation of sterling seamen, not only to fight battles on the sea in defence of their flag, but as skilful navigators to further trade and intercourse and establish "lawful occasions" on the deep. He writes of it,

> . . . that ships are to little purpose without skilful seamen and since seamen are not bred up to perfection of skill in much lesse time than in the time of two prentiships; and since no kinde of man of any profession in the commonwealth passe their yeres in so great and continuall hazard of life; and since of so many, so few grow to grey heires; how needful it is that . . . these ought to have a better education than hitherto they have had.

His matchless patience and care and exactitude were only equalled by his pride in the doings of the seamen and the merchants. With a joyful humility, he exults in the hoisting of English banners in the Caspian Sea, not as robber marauders, but as peaceful traders under licence and ambassade; at the station of an English Ligier in the stately porch of the Grand Seignior at Constantinople; at the establishment of consulates at Tripolis and Aleppo, in Babylon and Balsara—"and which is more, at English Shippers coming to anker in the mighty river of Plate." In script and tabulation, he glories in the tale of the ships, and sets out the names and stations of humble supercargoes with the same meticulous care as that with which he records the rank and titles of the Captain-Generall of Spain's armada. Of voyages and expeditions and discoveries there are volumes enough, but few writers have concerned themselves with such intimate records as "the Oathe ministered to the servants of the Muscovie Company" or with the minutiæ of the instructions given by the Merchant Adventurers unto Richard Gibbs, William Biggatt, and John Backhouse, masters of their ships, before these gallant seamen weighed anchor and stood out to sea.

Professor George Bruner Park's book, "Richard Hakluyt and the English Voyages," is based upon a course of lectures delivered by him at Amherst College in 1919. I know of no other biography of the industrious "preacher" comprised in one volume and this new publication is warmly welcomed by one who confesses himself somewhat bewildered concerning the chronology and activities of the great Imperialist, notwithstanding the many admirable publications of the Hakluyt Society. The style of the book, not unduly professorial, is of all things lucid, and one is made familiar with Hakluyt's life work and that of his cousin and elder, Richard Hakluyt of the Middle Temple, whose enthusiasm for England's foreign trade set a course for the younger man to follow. Hakluyt of the voyages writes of that lead:

> I do remember that being a youth, and one of Her Majesty's scholars at Westminster that fruitful nursery, it was my hap to visit the chamber of M. Richard Hakluyt my cousin, a gentleman of the Middle Temple, . . . at a time when I found lying open upon his board certain books of cosmography, with an universal map; he seeing me somewhat curious in the view thereof, began to instruct my ignorance, by showing me the division of the earth into three parts after the old account, and then according to the latter and better distribution, into more: he pointed with his wand to all the known seas, gulfs, bays, straits, capes, rivers, empires, kingdoms, dukedoms, and territories of each part, with declaration also of their special commodities and particular wants, which by the benefit of traffic, and intercourse of merchants, are plentifully supplied.

The author of "Richard Hakluyt and the English Voyages" stresses this influence and he is doubtless right in his estimation of its importance.

In his Introduction to this fine book, Dr. James A. Williamson presents a view of the Elizabethan age that is not generally maintained, but one that is understandable in the light of Hakluyt's writings.

> The Elizabethan age was not spacious, as we are sometimes told, but narrow and needy. It was a time of industrious study of man and nature as well as of books, and its adventures were undertaken not from swashbuckling zest but because good men found their country in a tight place and staked their lives and fortunes to redeem it. It was a time of more loss than profit, of more misery than glory. Drake's record has deceived many; he was an exception, not a type. He was supremely fortunate, but few of those who followed him came home rich; most of them left their bones in the tropics. . . If we probe beneath the incidents and seek out the motives we find no absent-minded empire building but a reasoned coöperative effort which left no means untried to attain a definite goal. The way of these men was hard, and their reward small. Posterity can see that they were successful beyond their dreams, but they themselves closed their eyes on failure; the success revealed itself slowly after they were dead. Richard Hakluyt's epic is no pæan of victory, but a tribute to service and suffering; his heroes are not "glorious" but "worthy." That is the best word he can bestow upon them.

"Richard Hakluyt and the English Voyages" is very well illustrated, the thirty-two plates including reproductions of the Title-pages of the First and of the Third and last volume of the Voyages. "The Principal Navigations," in addition to many reproductions from contemporary portraits, engravings, etc., contains sixty-four drawings by T. Derrick.

Centuries of Epigrams

THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY. Selected and translated by SHANE LESLIE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1929. $4.

OTHERS ABIDE. By HUMBERT WOLFE. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1928. $1.50.

Reviewed by ALFRED R. BELLINGER
Yale University

THE earliest poems in the Greek Anthology are from the great age of lyric poetry in the fifth century B. C.; the last edition of the MS. was in the fourteenth century A. D. Yet there is little evidence of historical development, aside from such obvious epochs as the dominance of the Roman Empire and the rise of Christianity. Except for the fact that all the epigrams are in Greek there is no common denominator. Almost every emotion or situation which could conceivably be compressed into epigrammatic form is represented, always with neatness, sometimes with real poetic power. The whole work forms an unparalleled commentary on Greek civilization from its noblest aspects to its basest. Mr. Leslie has selected about a third—some one thousand three hundred—and translated them into graceful English prose. An introduction, containing a synopsis of the whole Anthology, further assists to an understanding of its scope. The translation, like the original, is emphatically a book to browse in rather than to attempt to read through. Epigrams in quantity are impossible.

That is one advantage of Mr. Wolfe's volume, which contains less than 200 selections—one is not surfeited. Another and much greater advantage is that the Greek verse is translated into English verse by a man whose gift for poetic epigram gives him a rank equal to the most skilful of his originals. It is seldom in the annals of translation that the translator's ability has so closely matched that of his model. Mr. Wolfe is not so moving as Simonides, nor, perhaps, so graceful as Meleager, but he is as witty as the best, and a better poet than the majority.

The prose and verse renderings of the following poem will well illustrate the virtues of each of these books.

ZENOPHILA'S FLORAL

Already flowereth the white violet and flowereth the rain-loving narcissus and the lilies of the mountain. But Lover's lover, Persuasion's sweet rose and the flower of the spring flowerage, Zenophila, has already bloomed. Ye meadows, all the laughing splendor of your foliage is in vain. Better than all sweet-scented wreaths is the girl.

> Now the white violet, narcissus now
> bloom, and the lilies on each mountain-brow.
> Yes; and Zenophila, surpassing those
> see! where—love's flower of flowers—shines the rose.
> But you outperfume, as you dim more fair,
> the fields—bright braggards with their petalled hair.

The United States Civil Service Commission announces an open competitive examination for Technical Editor at $3,500 a year. Applications must be on file with the Civil Service Commission at Washington, D. C., not later than July 31. The examination is to fill a vacancy in the Bureau of Mines, Department of Commerce, Washington, D. C., and vacancies occurring in positions requiring similar qualifications. The entrance salary is $3,500 a year. Higher-salaried positions are filled through promotion. The duties will include the critical review of scientific and technical manuscripts on all subjects investigated by the Bureau of Mines, involving principles of engineering, physics, chemistry, mathematics, health, safety, and economics, with a view to securing correct and adequate presentation. The appointee will be required to pass on the authors' statements of fact and conclusions with respect to accuracy and Bureau policy; to determine the suitability of material for publication and the medium of publication to be employed; to advise superior officers regarding the merits of manuscripts, and manner in which printing funds can be expended most efficiently; to keep records of printing costs, and so on.

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The Bowling Green

CARRYING out our ancient principle of always trying to give our patrons the first freedom of tidings that really matter, we have surreptitiously obtained a copy of a document that may eventually be historical. We understand that it has been submitted to the League of Nations for ratification, and we wait with eagerness that body's action. Follows the text of the manifesto, here printed for the first time:

BILL OF SUPPLICATION, AND
Declaration of Independency

Whereas the Hoboken Free State is situated in the riparian Rhineland of New Jersey, at the Western docking of the Lackawanna Ferries and just beyond the genial humidity of the Hudson Tubes, and also (for carriage trade) hard by the occidental issue of the Holland Tunnel, and is otherwise known as New York's Nearest Neighbor or Germania Irredenta,

And whereas the said Hoboken Free State or Last Seacoast of Bohemia (Letzte Böhmische Meeresküste) together with its affiliated theatrical, social, and artistic enterprises, including the Three Hours for Lunch Club, is now particularly concentered and domiciled in that ancient castle and fortress of THE FOUNDRY,

And whereas the said Hoboken Free State, though not explicitly recognized as a separate political autonomy, has by long tradition and habit and in all matters of fact and spirit existed as an independent state of mind and manners, regardless of the opinions and prejudices of other bodies politic,

And whereas in this present era, surrounded by great powerful neighboring commonwealths and conden-
an adjacent insular metrop-
on desire is to make others as
; and levied upon and dis-
herein the said Hoboken Free State has no recourse but suffers inequitable penalty of soul and pocket for the unmannerly conduct of aliens who show themselves imperfect carriers of fermentation,

Now therefore we, citizens of the Hoboken Free State, do make appeal to the conscience and liberality of joint mankind, more particularly as represented in the LEAGUE OF NATIONS and its Committee for the Safeguard of the Rights of Lesser Nationalities, representing it as our inalienable privilege and right in jure gentium to regulate our Manners, Morals, and Gastronomies as seems fitting our condition.

And in especial we appeal to the League of Nations to grant us an œcumenical charter and permissive feudal tenure, duly fortified by international sanctions, to continue and perpetuate the old native Hoboken custom of eating and drinking on the sidewalks, pavements or trottoirs as was the habit of Hoboken civilians since unremembered time, thus to celebrate the evening repast and the twilight relaxation of the waistband with due ease and plenitude of spirit, this dignity of a Shirtsleeve Civilization and Bürgerschaft having been abandoned in latter years by reason of a general and deplorable growth of intrusive bureaucracy, officialism, gendarmerie, Gesindelordnung and Polizeigeschäftigkeit.

And in particular, Exceptis Excipiendis, we desire to make manifest to the world at large, urbi et orbi, that in a vast herd-minded confederation of states and statutes whose singular desire seems to be to reduce all men soever to one dead level of uniformity and dulness, the Hoboken Free State considers itself Lex Sibi or Law Unto Itself and from these its headquarters in the Old Iron Works or Foundry at 110 River Street, Hoboken, issues this fiat of gentlemanly independence, not prejudicing the laws and judgments of surrounding powers but in full aspiration to control, Deo Volente, its private and perfect destiny.

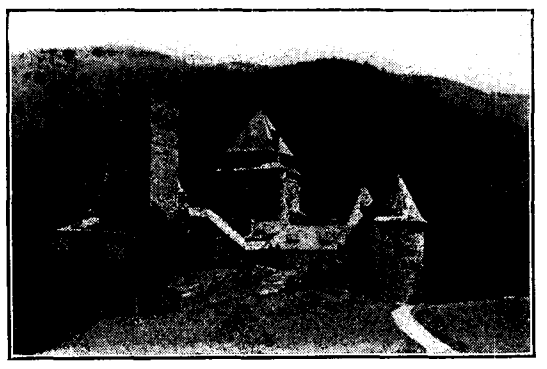
Sub Sigillo Nostro subscripsimus, etc.
July 11, 1929.

Speaking of international matters, there was a paragraph in *The Commonweal* some weeks ago that struck me as highly interesting. It was in Gouverneur Paulding's description of the funeral procession in honor of Marshal Foch:

> The French troops marched by very well. The Coldstream Guards with rifles reversed passed with a dignity that silenced a silent crowd. If a Communist machine gun had been turned on them, this British would have died without breaking step, without looking to see where the gun was. The crowd knew it. Later on we compared them to other troops. Germans would not have broken a step which may seem stiff to us, but their police along the lines would have silenced the gun. The French would have broken step: they would have taken cover: and by a violent military improvisation of prudence, experience and daring, they would have killed the machine-gun crew and restored whatever their temper chose to call order. It is a quality that puzzles the British as not being fair play—an aptitude that astounds the Germans because it can never be taught. By it the French have saved their country a hundred times.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Having alluded to Burg Finstergruen, near Ramingstein in Austria, where the æstivating Dr. Henry Seidel Canby has been en repos and much envied by his associates, I cannot resist illustrating the Bowling Green with a photo of it. H. S. C. calls it "an Austrian paradise twixt Styria and Carinthia and a poem in itself." Well, look at it.



Alfred Goldsmith, the cheerful bookseller of Lexington Avenue, kindly sent me some vivacious doggerels written many years ago by Bloodgood H. Cutter, "The Long Island Farmer." (H., one supposes, stood for Hay.) Mr. Cutter lived in Little Neck, L. I., and was always prompt in coming out with a broadside ballad on any events of the day. His chief claim to our recollections seems to have been that he was a fellow passenger with Mark Twain on the famous voyage that produced "Innocents Abroad." (Does Mark refer to him in that narrative? I don't remember.) One of the Long Island Farmer's pamphlets was a "Poetical Lecture After Seeing the Model of Solomon's Temple." It was printed in Flushing, 1860. This is a specimen of Brother Cutter's prosody:

> Gentlemen and ladies of this city great,
> Before proceeding I will to you state,
> That I am a plain Long Island farmer,
> And do not understand the rules of grammar.
>
> Nor do I understand poetic rules,
> Not having had much privilege in the schools;
> Nor do I have sufficient length of time
> To write or compose a smooth rhyme.
>
> Being so occupied with agricultural affairs,
> Debars me of the privilege of literary cares;
> So what simple lines I do compose and write,
> Is generally done quite late at night.

The Long Island Farmer possessed at least one quality in common with poets of all ranks. He did not know when to stop, when he had an audience at his mercy. Fifteen or twenty stanzas such as the above would have been highly agreeable, but he went on to nearly 200.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Our old and greatly admired friend Captain Felix Riesenberg, writing in the *Nautical Gazette*, takes a moment in his busy life to meditate on having finished seven years of weekly columning in his Rough Log department of that magazine, still published at the memorable address 20 Vesey Street.

One may well congratulate with him on the anniversary. Trade papers are free of many of the hypocrite inhibitions of daily journalism, and it is possible in their columns to speak with some of the candor that men relish in daily life. Captain Riesenberg's deliciously humorous and straightforward annotations of life do not perhaps reach a very large public, but what is more important they reach a body of readers who are mature, cosmopolitan, and can call spades and double them.

Therefore it is specially interesting to hear Riesenberg saying:

> I had come to be somewhat pessimistic about things in the last part of this seven-year watch, with the moralists and behaviorists and the multitude of various *ishionists* springing up. A thing that has given me, and I suppose many thousands of others, a feeling of hope is the tremendous reception being accorded the story of Erich Maria Remarque, "All Quiet on the Western Front."
>
> Therefore, we are on the surface of a planet not entirely covered with stupid people, for no one who can spell out simple words will remain unmoved once he has read this document.

To that comment I can add one of my own: that I found two firemen in the engine-house of the Hoboken Fire Department taking turns with a library copy of "All Quiet." When a book, within a few weeks of publication, gets into circulation so far from professedly "literary" circles, it is no longer just print but an engine of public health.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The discussion as to the expurgation of the American edition of "All Quiet on the Western Front" is both of great importance and of very little importance. The urgent thing is that the book should be read, and the omission of certain phrases in order to allow the book to be published in a prurient commonwealth, and to circulate in a red-taped nation, was perhaps a politic precaution. The merit of the book is far too stunning to rely merely on the jargon of the latrine. The omission of an episode of great human beauty, tenderness, and comedy, is another affair altogether. It came to me as a complete surprise, for I had had a letter from the publisher specifically stating "We may decide to avoid the use of two particular words; beyond this there will be no expurgating."

I had thought of reprinting here the episode I refer to; to serve perhaps as a test case; but that also would not be satisfactory for such deliberate attention called to it would put it in wholly a false perspective and ruin its casual perfection.

Perhaps I should put into the record a note I have had from Arthur Wheen, the translator of the book. He says:

> I am sorry the old women went on with the mutilation of the text as it stood. The same was suggested here and even by Remarque himself, who seemed astonishingly accommodating and indifferent about the fate of the "derbe" (coarse) passages. I suppose he is uncertain as to the relative importance of the book on the one hand as a work of art and on the other as a piece of propaganda, and so is prepared to suffer diminution of the former in the interests of the latter. It is a pity, for I think that is always a mistake. But even supposing that to be so, which explains the suppression of the Lewandowski incident, surely the interests of propaganda would require that other details and phrases profoundly shocking to the glory-boys be left intact with all their sins upon them.
>
> But the book would take a lot of ruining so perhaps it doesn't matter much, except in principle. Anyway I hope it doesn't. Still I am glad that your opinion is what it is.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The discussion is a healthy one, for it may serve yet once more to call attention to the childish condition of our legislations on all matters of decorum. There is room, as we have often suggested, for a new Areopagitica on this subject; I wish Arthur Wheen might tackle it. But oh the lovely, the perfect irony of the matter. Here is a book that tells what modern War is really like, and the only thing in it that we boggle at are the things that made even War seem momentarily human and tender.

Individuals are frequently intelligent and compassionate; but any form of organization, from a publishing house to a federal government, is handicapped by the human frailty of having to be stupid and literal.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Professor Hans G. L. Delbrueck, who died recently at the age of eighty, was for many years professor of history in the University of Berlin, the editor of the well-known political review, *Preussische Jahrbücher*, and an influential exponent of the views prevailing among the conservative ruling classes of modern Germany.

For the greater part of his lifetime he had held distinguished positions. At one time he was a member of the Prussian Diet. He served as a soldier in the Franco-Prussian War. He was famous as an author and lecturer and his courses on military strategy were among the most popular in the university.

M. Venizelos has contributed 5,000 drachmæ towards the erection of a monument over the grave of Rupert Brooke in the island of Skyros.

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Books of Special Interest

Astronomical Books

ROMANCE OF THE MOON. By MARY PROCTOR. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1928. $2.50.

THE STORY OF THE MOON. By GARRETT P. SERVISS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1928. $3.

THE TWO SOLAR FAMILIES. By T. C. CHAMBERLIN. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY NORRIS RUSSELL
Princeton University

BOOKS on scientific topics, written for the general reader, are becoming increasingly numerous, and, on the average, increasingly good. They are not easy to write—the requirements of technical knowledge, literary style, and understanding of the layman's point of view are exacting. The first handicap besets the popular writer, the last, the professional investigator. The latter, when he surpasses this difficulty, usually produces the best book, and a good example of this is found among the three astronomical texts for the layman which are here considered.

Miss Mary Proctor, daughter of a deservedly successful writer of popular astronomical books for the preceding generation, has worthily followed in her father's footsteps in "Romance of the Moon." The title might lead one to anticipate a discussion of the part which our satellite has filled in human imagination, rather than in human knowledge; but the two aspects are given almost equal attention. The early chapters, which deal with the probable origin and history of the moon and its tidal influences on the earth, follow in the main the excellent authority of Sir George Darwin. Then follows an account of the principal features of the lunar surface, in which the most notable feature is an admirable description of sunrise upon the great crater Clavius—as seen through the telescope—quoted from a half-forgotten work by the enthusiastic English amateur observer, Neison.

The transition from the scientific to the legendary part of the book is appropriately marked by a chapter on the "Moon Rocket," which begins with the serious experiments of Professor Goddard, and ends with an amazing collection of fantastic schemes for reaching the moon culled from old books and recent newspapers. A chapter on "Lunar Weather Forecasts" shows how a kernel of truth sometimes (but by no means always) lies with a husk of popular superstition. This, for example, killing frosts in spring often come under the light of a full moon—not because her rays are cold, but because we see the moon only if the sky is clear, and under a clear sky heat escapes from the earth's surface to space much more freely than through a mantle of clouds. An interesting account of various folk-tales and religious observances in which the moon plays a major part concludes the volume.

The style of the book, though discursive, rarely wanders beyond the limits of the reader's interest. Quotations, which are numerous, are fully documented. Those dealing with more technical matters are often from treatises of considerable age. It is probably on this account that the outworn theory that the moon may at some past epoch have possessed an atmosphere and oceans is sometimes favorably mentioned, despite Johnston Stoney's proof—at the beginning of the present century—that the moon's gravitational attraction is so small that any air or water-vapor must have flown away, molecule by molecule, from the surface into the depths of space, at the very beginning of its existence as an independent body.

A second book, "The Story of the Moon," comes from the pen of a veteran American writer, Garrett P. Serviss. Unlike Miss Proctor's book, it confines itself almost entirely to a detailed description of the surface features of the moon's visible hemisphere — dark plains, mountain ranges, craters, and the like. This guidebook to the lunar surface is saved from the dulness of a mere gazetteer by the admirable series of photographs—taken by Wallace and Ritchey at the Yerkes Observatory—which accompany it. Twenty-one successive plates of the whole moon show the changes of illumination, from day to day, with its phases, and half a dozen more, on a larger scale, exhibit details of the surface with high magnification. The moon has always been, with good reason, the favorite object of the observer with a small telescope, and Mr. Serviss's book will be, for amateurs of this sort, a treasured guide, while the reader who is not blessed with access to a telescope may find the wealth of details of little more interest than is the latest edition of Baedeker to one who has no hopes of leaving home.

The reviewer, for this reason, doubts whether the author's plan of presenting his material in the form of a succession of conversations with a charming but unnamed lady is fortunately chosen. His claim that "this literary form is suffered in no way to detract from the scientific accuracy of the statements made" may in general be admitted. Indeed, the explanations of such phenomena as the "Harvest Moon" have the pedestrian quality of a text-book.

Very few astronomers, however, would be as sympathetic as Mr. Serviss toward the hypothesis that the moon may once have had seas upon her surface, that she has at present any sensible atmosphere, or that she may even have been the abode of life. A mild protest must be made, too, against his habit of fitting an English plural to the Latin word *mare*. Astronomers are still good enough classicists to keep their genitives and their plurals right.

* *

The third of the books which are here considered is of quite a different calibre. In "The Two Solar Families" one of the most distinguished of American geologists—the late Professor Chamberlin, summarizes his mature views upon the origin of the bodies which constitute our solar system—alas, his final views, for he survived the publication of his book by only a few weeks.

Before the reader has turned many pages he cannot fail to be impressed with the vigor and lucidity of the style. From the introductory tale of the "personal entanglement" which led the author from "the land of rocks into the realm of cosmogenic bogs and fens" throughout the presentation of his theories and conclusions, the book is admirably clear and eminently readable. To achieve this success in writing of technical matters for the general public is no mean feat, and one conversant with its difficulty must recognize the work of a master hand. It is rarely that an opportunity is offered to the reader devoid of special training to follow the genesis and growth of a notable scientific advance along so clear a path, and to see for himself how the exploration of new territory has actually been accomplished. From this standpoint, the book is heartily to be recommended to all who have interest in the advancement of natural knowledge, or who appreciate a well-told tale.

It should, in all fairness, however, be said that many of its conclusions, and some of its reasoning, are still matters of lively debate in the scientific world. As a statement of the "planetesimal" hypotheses of the author and his colleagues, it deserves only praise; but many competent authorities in physics, astronomy, and geology find themselves obliged to dissent from some or many of the conclusions of this Chicago school of cosmogony—and their dissent is supported by arguments of weight.

There are passages in the book opposite which the student of celestial mechanics, or the astrophycisist, is likely to set a question-mark upon the margin, if he is one of the tribe who write in books. Many of these passages are frankly presented as speculative, but some of them bear important parts in the argument. Detailed discussion would be out of place in such a review as this, but a single example may be permitted. Considerable stress is laid upon the existence of eruptive and repellent forces emanating from the sun, such as are revealed by the solar prominences and by comets' tails. That such forces are actually at work on these bodies, and drive them away from the sun at very high speeds, is beyond question. Recent investigations indicate strongly that the main effective agency is radiation pressure—the minute impulse which is given to matter when the sun's rays fall upon it. We would naturally expect that the impact of "imponderable light" would affect only the most unsubstantial of materials; and precise calculation confirms this. Only impalpable dust, or the far tinier molecules of a gas, can be drawn away from the sun in this fashion, and the clouds of luminous matter which lie above the sun, or stream away from a comet, are of hardly conceivable tenuity. Compared with them, such traditional airy nothings as the floating gossamer or the filmy cloud are dense and massive. How such emanations, when still more widely dispersed in outer space, could gather together into the visible grains or chondrulites which form the raw material of meteorites, and perhaps of comets, is very hard to understand.

It has evidently been the author's purpose to present the theory, rather than to defend it, and the small compass of the volume, as well as its non-technical character, would have made a critical discussion very difficult. This may afford an explanation of the fact that the most important critics of the planetesimal theory—Professor Reid of Johns Hopkins, and, above all, the Englishmen, Jeans and Jeffreys—are not even mentioned. In a technical presentation of the subject this would be a fault calling for censure; under the circumstances, a reviewer may call attention to the limited scope of the book without attaching blame to its writer.

To close upon this note would do injustice to the distinguished place which Professor Chamberlin's work rightly occupies in present-day cosmogony. It was he—with his colleague Professor Moulton—whose arguments displaced the old hypothesis that the planets were formed by matter shed from the periphery of a rotating and contracting nebula, and substituted the theory that they owed their birth to vast eruptions of material from the sun, under the influence of some star which long ago by chance passed close to it (without actually hitting it), and their orbital motion to the transverse velocity imparted to the ejected material by the attraction of the passing star. After a quarter-century their objections to this older theory stand confirmed, nor has any hypothesis alternative to that of such an encounter yet been suggested which explains the strange property of our system that a very small fraction of the mass (in the form of the planets) contains almost the whole of the rotatory momentum.

What may have happened during the terrific turbulence of the encounter, and in the subsequent return from chaos to order, is exceedingly difficult to work out in detail. Whether the planets were once molten, or were solid from their origin, whether they were originally almost as large as at present, or grew gradually by accretion of planetesimal masses, how they came to rotate as they do, why their orbits are so nearly circular, and how the systems of satellites originated and survived, are all questions of detail, to which no decisive answer can yet be given. But the fact that discussion and even controversy is active in professional circles upon such points in no wise obscures or detracts from the distinction which is due to Professor Chamberlin and his colleagues, for the origination of the most valuable and fertile contribution to the cosmogony of our system which has been made within the memory of living men.

Abnormal States

THE GREEN PARROT. By PRINCESS MARTHE BIBESCO. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THE theme of "The Green Parrot" is one of peculiar fascination. The idea of incest has always had a magnetic attraction and repulsion impossible to evade or explain. It is one of the most widespread of taboos, and yet it is sometimes enjoined upon a royal house as a sacred duty, that the kingly seed may not fall on common earth. In our literature, where it is a recurrent subject, there is often the same feeling that it is both prohibited and predestined. It runs all through the Elizabethan age, from "Hamlet" to "'Tis Pity She's a Whore," disappears under the frank and gay adulteries of the Restoration, and reappears with the Romantic Revival to take a triumphant place among the horrors and ecstasies of Byron and Shelley.

It is no dispraise of Princess Marthe Bibesco to say that her tremendous theme is too much for her. The several parts of "The Green Parrot" are boldly conceived and powerfully executed. The unhealthy household of deracinate Russians, wrapped up in idolatrous mourning for a dead son; the apparation of the Green Parrot like a messenger from heaven, to replace the heroine's dead brother in her affections, and her subsequent emotional exhaustion at the loss of it; the Solitude of Anglet; all are memorable pieces of writing.

But in her handling of the incest motive itself, the Princess Marthe fails because she seems to be a little uncertain of how she regards it. Passionate love between brother and sister had been treated by Byron as the final sin which should horrify mankind and shake heaven; Shelley on the other hand seems to have regarded it approvingly, as if the union which is the aim of all marriage could be perfectly attained only when the lovers were of one blood as well as one flesh, as if such a union were a type of the perfect human whom he also h[illegible] hermaphrodite in "The Witch o[illegible] In one way or another such a then. mands the firmest handling. The Princ is neither for it nor against it. In the picture she draws of the dark Southern sons and the pale Northern daughters of the house, in the half tragic, half idyllic story of the heroine's ancestress, the Rose of St. Petersburg, who had loved her brother, she seems to come close to the view that such a union has a mysterious perfection; yet when the heroine is offered the love of her half-brother she rejects it, and it is by no means clear whether she does so because he is her brother, or because she feels that he loves not her but her dead sister in her. Moreover, the heroine passes from one abnormal emotional state into another so fast as to strain our comprehension and credulity. Each one singly is presented with great skill: the little girl's instantaneous acceptance of the green parrot as a heavenly messenger is more daring than the incident in Flaubert in which the parrot becomes the Dove of the Holy Trinity for a doting old maid, and is, if anything, more convincing, and the same might be said of any other instance. But when Maria is first devoted utterly to a dead brother, then to a parrot, then is for a long time emotionally dead, then completely identifies herself with a dead sister and falls in love with her half-brother, Princess Marthe Bibesco's skill is not great enough to establish all these various abnormal states as real. The final impression of the book is powerful but bewildering.

A German Leader

STRESEMANN: THE MAN AND THE STATESMAN. By ROCHUS, BARON VON RHEINBABEN. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1929. $3.

Reviewed by STEWART BEACH

BY his astute direction of foreign policy during the past five years, Gustav Stresemann, leader of the German People's Party, has done more than any of his countrymen to dissolve the war hatreds and bring his nation back to a respected place in the comity of nations. Through the dramatic series of events which began with the adoption of the Dawes plan in 1924, drifted through the Locarno Pacts, the admission of Germany to the League, and the progressive steps of Rhineland evacuation, to end, momentarily at least, with the experts' reparations plan in Paris a few weeks ago, Stresemann has played an important rôle. No one who has read his lines and followed his movements can doubt that the German Foreign Minister has filled that necessary prescription of a great man—that, with his interests securely fastened to the soil of his native land, his vision shall be broad enough to transcend nationalism and embrace the world.

Baron von Rheinbaben's biography is most interesting in tracing Stresemann's career up to the point where the world spotlight picked him out in 1923. Late that year, for a short hundred days, the party leader had his first taste of parliamentary leadership when President Ebert requested him to form a Government. That he found it impossible to continue is less a censure of his policy than praise of its temperateness at a time when Germany was plunged into a torrent of reawakened war-time emotions by the occupation of the Ruhr. But Stresemann's whole career had been dedicated to temperateness, to gaining considered ends through a firm championship of the great German middle class into which he was born. Working for recognition of industry and trade in the Reichstag since 1907 had taught him the futility of uncompromising, die-hard policies. In his chancellorship, and later when he was called to the Foreign Ministry, he has found accomplishment to be the result of evolution rather than revolution.

Stresemann's biographer is one of his own party men and, as such, it is perhaps inevitable that the portrait of the statesman which emerges from these pages should completely overshadow our glimpse of the man. And interesting as the narrative becomes to one who has followed the events in which Stresemann has been so important an actor, it will hardly have the same appeal for the reader whose interest in biography has been caught by the more modern method. One gathers that there is a distinctly human side to Stresemann from Baron Rheinbaben's pages; but there is little actual evidence to support the assumption.

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Foreign Literature

Portrait of a Woman

VIE DE S. A. R. MADAME LA DUCHESSE DE BERRI. By ARMAND PRAVIEL. Paris: Librairie Plon. 1929.

Reviewed by AMELIA VON ENDE

SOME characters seem predestined for a comic opera career. The ludicrous tricks that fate plays on them are broad, farcical comedy. The life of "Her Royal Highness the Duchess de Berri" would have made a capital libretto for an "opera bouffe" in Offenbachian style, had not the tragedy of her frustrated ambitions saved her from becoming a rival to the "Duchess of Gerolstein" and "Madame Sans-Gène." But fate was kind to her sixty years after her death to give her a biographer who in the tragi-comedy of her life brought out the element of romance. And readers will be grateful to M. Armand Praviel for belonging to that group of biographers who are credited with having created this new genre which the French call *histoire romancée*.

Very appropriately he has named the first chapter "The Fairy Tale." For the history of this daughter by his first marriage of Francis I of Naples, "that poor devil of a king, repeatedly dethroned by revolutions, ridiculed, sneered at, shoved about, recalled by a lousy mob of lazzaroni, the lowest dregs of Christendom," begins indeed like a fairy tale. Marie Caroline, as she herself abbreviated the string of fourteen names bestowed upon her by baptism, experienced all the trials and tribulations of a fairy princess before her fairy tale reached its climax, brought her close to the realization of her dreams. She had been moved about from her babyhood to her adolescence between Naples and various places of refuge in Sicily and had grown up to be a nervous, lazy, impulsive girl, dabbling in all the arts and exasperating her governesses, when Louis XVIII asked her to become the wife of his nephew, the Duke de Berri, presumptive heir to the crown of France. The little Neapolitan, who had not been courted before, consented as if she had been waiting for this offer; for she had fully she submitted and before long Marie Caroline was "S. A. R. la Duchesse de Berri."

Although the Duke shared with his illustrious ancestor a distinctly polygamic tendency, four years of what the French call *un heureux ménage* followed. Marie Caroline was graciously indulgent to his amorous digressions and set out to enjoy to the limit all privileges of her position. The endless whirl of social activities, shopping, theatres, opera, etc., was interrupted by the birth of three children, of which only one lived, to become Duchess of Parma. The anxiously expected heir failed to arrive until after the sudden death of de Berri, who was assassinated on the thirteenth of February, 1820, as he was helping Marie Caroline into their carriage after the opera. Thus ended the fairy-tale of the little Neapolitan's youth, her dream of wearing the crown of France. For now began the drama of her motherhood, and this drama belongs to French history.

Apparently intent only upon having as gay a time as possible, Marie Caroline had developed into an ambitious, energetic woman, determined, since she could not be queen of France, at least to be queen-regent. The pursuit of this goal brought out traits of character in the exquisitely feminine young widow not suspected by the political schemers and plotters who kept France in a state of unrest for decades. To a courage which had grown with the years, she added a perseverance in following a course once set for herself, which made her renew her efforts again and again in face of danger and defeat.

M. Praviel does not conceal from his readers the eccentricities by which Marie Caroline shocked society when the period of mourning had passed. For while she never in the background of her consciousness lost sight of her aim to see the son who has been born to her on the throne of France as Henri V, she missed no opportunity to enjoy her youth, and shocked Charles X by running about Paris on foot, donning men's clothes, practising pistol-shooting, and delighting particularly in carnevalesque entertainments. When she appeared at a costume ball as Mary Stuart, with the young Duc de Chartres as Francis II, she did not dream that before long she would seek refuge at Holyrood! When she saw Charles V ageing, she conceived a fantastic scheme to win the support of the people for her son. With singular clearness she realized what politicians often ignore: that the population of a country's metropolis is not representative of the nation. She set out on an informal campaign in the provinces, dancing the montagnard and the bourré in the Auvergne, wearing the uniform of Stofflet in the Vendée and the bérét of Henri IV in Bearn, and in every church she prostrated herself and prayed that her son might become another Henri IV.

In spite of the contradictions in her character and of her idiosyncrasies, M. Praviel succeeds in making all her movements after the historical July 31, 1830, appear as logical phases in her extraordinary development from a child born in the tumult of rioting Naples to the woman trying to save royalty in the turmoil of the country which had not forgotten its great Revolution and was once more about to abolish monarchy. The interview with Charles X, who refused to give up her son, his grandchild, lest he might be exposed to the bullet of a rebel, marks the turning point of her life. She went alone to her brief exile in England, alone in various disguises through Holland, Germany, Switzerland to Italy, appealing to all the monarchs to help her cause, and finally, on the quixotic expedition to the Vendée, which ended with her imprisonment at La Blaye. While there, fate added another touch of broad comedy to her extraordinary career. She shocked the world by giving birth to a daughter—who lived only a few months—and had to admit that while in Italy she had been secretly married to Count Lucchesi-Palli, whose pedigree traced his descent to the Norman barons and to Tancred, and whose attractive features and distinguished bearing had proved fatal to the ladies at the various embassies to which he had been attached.

M. Praviel's specimen of "histoire romancée" reads like a novel crowded with episodes and intermezzos, which make the reader sometimes lose the thread of the narrative, but never for a moment interest in the heroine. It is sometimes difficult in it to correlate the different personages that enter into the action of the story. But M. Praviel holds the threads firmly in his hand and in the "Epilogue" points to its symbolism.

Foreign Notes

MICHELE VOCINI, librarian at the Italian Admiralty, has compiled a book giving "The Story of the Ship" (Rome: Alfieri) from prehistoric navigation to the present-day cruiser, submarine, and airship. To show the development of navigation, he relies more upon a careful choice of the 400 illustrations taken from Egyptian monuments, frescoes, walls of Herculaneum, as well as from coins and pictures, than upon the letterpress, which consists of a short but intensely interesting introduction. It is a book both for scholars and for laymen.

"Schoolboy energy," according to a dispatch from Budapest to the London *Observer*, "has found an unusual and praiseworthy outlet in an undertaking accomplished by forty-six boys of the seventh class of the Daniel Berzseni College.

"In the Benedictine monastery at Pápa, not far from Budapest, lies the manuscript of an unpublished epos about Hunyadi, written by a certain György Bessenyei, who became an Officer of the Guard at the Court of Maria Theresa during the eighteenth century, and was well known as a poet. The boys of the Berzsenyi College became inspired by the idea that as the manuscript is one of literary and historical interest, it would be a laudable work to bring it within reach of the public, and some of them spent the Easter vacation in typing out the original manuscript.

"When the typescripts had been compared to ensure absolute authenticity, and supplied with marginal notes and explanations, and a title-page in the style of the period had been designed by one of the boys, the work was ready for the printers. As the money at their disposal was only that which they had saved from their tea-money and tram fares during the term, some bargaining was necessary to get a thousand copies of the work printed. The boys have refused to put the book on sale, and are presenting free copies to authors, historians, libraries, and literary societies."

Arthur Ransome, who is widely known as a man of letters, essayist, and newspaper correspondent, is henceforth to contribute a weekly causerie to the *Manchester Guardian*. Mr. Ransome has written books of literary criticism, children's books, and books embodying his experiences as a correspondent.

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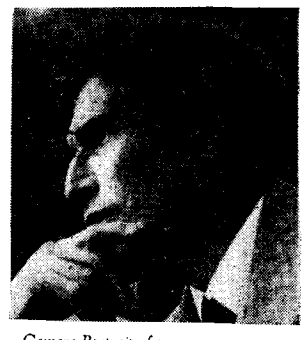

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A Guide to History

WE print below the first of the lists we purpose to present as a guide to vacation and later reading for children. It is drawn from "Realms of Gold in Children's Books," by Bertha E. Mahony and Elinor Whitney.

YOUNG PEOPLE OF HISTORY. By E. S. BROOKS. Putnams. $2.50.

Their endeavors, their achievements, and their times. A reissue in one volume of "Historic Boys and Historic Girls."

THE ADVENTURE OF MAN: A Brief History of the World. By FREDERICK CROSSFIELD HAPPOLD. Harcourt, Brace. $2.

Illustrated. A simple, direct account, showing each period's part in the development of man and the world; his adjustments to nature, his neighbors, changing environment and his nation. Also the relations between nations.

THE STORY OF MAN'S WORK. By WILLIAM R. HAYWARD and GERALD W. JOHNSON. Minton, Balch. $3.

"A story of the struggles and labors of millions of men and women throughout hundreds of centuries directed to building up and preserving. . . . Designed to give a working knowledge of the economic system under which we live." (Preface.)

Part I. Civilization from primitive life through the cultural periods of Egypt, Greece and Rome; Part II. The evolution of modern industry—invention of machinery—rise of capital and labor.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF THE WORLD. By VIRGIL MORES HILLYER. Century. $3.50.

An outline history—for seven-, eight-, nine-, and ten-year-olds—telling the story of what has happened century by century and epoch by epoch, not by nations, and through the selection of topics which can be understood and appreciated by the children for whom it is written.

THE STORY OF HUMAN PROGRESS: An Introduction to Social Studies. By LEON CARROLL MARSHALL. Macmillan. $1.48.

The story of the development of society for young people. The Iroquois are presented in an interesting way as an illustration of Neolithic culture. Illustrated with pictures, charts, and diagrams.

THE WORLD'S STORY. By ELIZABETH O'NEILL. Putnams. $5.

Profusely illustrated in color and black and white from authentic sources. A simple history for boys and girls. More detailed but not so modern or so interesting in its style as "The Story of Mankind."

THE STREAM OF HISTORY (a). By GEOFFREY PARSONS. Scribners. $5.

"Geoffrey Parsons in "The Stream of History" has written a magnificent book about the universe, seeing it in one unbroken flow, often in tumultuous movement, but always moving onward, not as a series of episodic periods. Although the latest scientific investigations lead the thought of man to read a meaning in the unwritten records discovered in every part of the world, he warns us that even science does not always speak with certainty. Condensed though the narrative is into a single medium-sized volune, told with incredible swiftness, it sweeps along with the grip of a great dramatic poem. The stream of history, without beginning or end, carries the imagination on its surging rapids from the vast unknown of chaos to our own day.

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—Alice M. Jordan, in *Books.*

BOYS AND GIRLS OF HISTORY. By EILEEN and RHODA POWER. Macmillan. $2.50.

Intended to illustrate life in England at various periods and in various social milieux. Some of the children are historical and the range is from Roman Britain to Queen Victoria's childhood.

THE LADY (a). By EMILY JAMES PUTNAM. Putnams. $3.

Studies of certain significant phases of her history. Illustrated. Greek, Roman, the Lady Abbess; the Lady of the Castle, of the Renaissance, of the Salon, of the Blue Stockings, of the Slave States of the United States. Some older girls may enjoy this book.

BOYS OF THE AGES: Their Dreams and Their Crafts. By LAURA W. SCALES. Ginn. $0.72.

Delightful sketches of boy life all over the world at different times: the Egyptian builder, the Greek sculptor, the Roman soldier, the Saracen scholar, the Flemish weaver, the Italian painter, and others.

THE BOY THROUGH THE AGES. By DOROTHY MARGARET STUART. Doran. $2.

Presents a vivid and faithful picture of the daily life of the average boy from the epoch of the cave-dwellers to the middle of Queen Victoria's reign, and traces, by the way, the evolution of the modern attitude toward children.

THE STORY OF MANKIND. By HENDRIK W. VAN LOON. Liveright. $5.

Illustrations, eight in colors, eight halftones, and more than one hundred drawings and "animated maps." A fascinating book that follows history from the earliest time to this day, bringing all times and all people into focus.

THE OUTLINE OF HISTORY: Being a Plain History of Life and Mankind. By H. G. WELLS. (2 vols.) (a). Macmillan. $15.

New illustrated edition. The quantity of full-page and other pictures makes this a valuable book to have about the house, even though the entire book may not be read.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE WORLD (a). By HERBERT GEORGE WELLS. Macmillan. $4.

"Much more generalized and written afresh to meet the needs of the busy general reader." (*A. L. A. Booklist.*)

Since "The Children's Bookshop" has found "Panther Magic" by Olaf Baker (Dodd, Mead) and enjoyed it, I want to tell you of the author's two earlier books. They are "Shasta of the Wolves" and "Dusty Star." Both are extremely satisfying to boys and girls who are beginning to look for stories that are not fairy tales, but still with some of the magic element in their make up. We have known and used them in Public Libraries for some time and now are very glad to welcome a new story by Olaf Baker.—MARY H. MOREHOUSE, Tacoma Public Library.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

SOME MODERN SCULPTORS. By STANLEY CASSON. Oxford University Press. 1929.

After a glance at Barye and Rodin the author passes in review such French successors as Maillol, Bourdelle, Bernard, and Despiau. There is an interlude on the archaizing Slavs, Mestrovic and Rosandic, before considering the British independents, Eric Gill and Gaudier-Brzeska, and the survey ends with Jacob Epstein who is properly set down as a belated romantic. Evidently the theme does not lend itself to systematic treatment, as Mr. Casson readily admits. We are dealing with the expressions of individuals with no binding principle of social sanction or control. There is no modern taste, just the various tastes of modern artists. All this is ably elucidated in an introductory essay which is the neatest part of the book. It abounds in points of view which are at once original and judicious. In particular the immemorial view that the best sculpture is multilateral and equally good in all aspects is challenged. Generally this is a suggestive book, treating in the main eccentric matter but without eccentricity.

Belles Lettres

MUCH LOVED BOOKS, BEST SELLERS OF THE AGES. By JAMES O'DONNELL BENNETT. Boni & Liveright. 1929.

These sixty papers were serial articles in the Chicago *Tribune*, written to the theme and reminder that the old books are still the fashion, and addressed to the *Tribune's* very miscellaneous and possibly on the whole not very erudite, public. For the end in view they are decidedly well done. That the great old books are still read is quite certain. The conspicuous reading habits of millions obscure the less conspicuous habits of other millions, probably fewer but by no means few; and probably Mr. Bennett's unsophisticated but quite individual comments on the standard books of his choice is of the best possible service. Culture is the child of long tradition, and books are now the tradition's chief conveyance. The more readers of old books there are the sounder is the culture, maugre all theories that seem to preach the contrary. If Thucydides and Gibbon, Horace and Chaucer, Goethe's Faust and the Book of Job, Molière, Montaigne, and Thoreau, Bunyan and Burns and Byron —if these and the rest mean nothing, or nothing important, to any man—then he is so far an outsider. Mr. Bennett's sixty books are not all very old, nor all equally important, but they are all something in the great tradition.

A CONVERSATION WITH AN ANGEL. By *Hilaire Belloc*. Harpers. $2.50.

THIS FICTION BUSINESS. By *H. Bedford-Jones*. Covici-Friede. $2.

ASPECTS OF BIOGRAPHY. By *André Maurois*. Appleton. $2.

A GUIDE TO BERNARD SHAW. By *Edward Wagenknecht*. Appleton. $1.50.

LACTANTIUS AND MILTON. By *Kathleen Ellen Hartwell*. Harvard University Press.

Fiction

SAND. By WILL JAMES. Scribners. 1929. $2.50.

Here is a volume with a theme that has supplied innumerable stories to the *Youth's Companion* and *St. Nicholas*, and it is an illustration of how little the theme matters compared with the handling. The weakling from the luxurious city who is somehow tumbled into the spaces where men are men, or boys are boys, according to the age of the expected reader, and there makes good —what could be expected of this venerable sermon? And yet once in a long while some writer who really has the feel of the places he tells about can make it a living story. Kipling did it in "Captains Courageous"; Will James has done it in "Sand."

The real value of "Sand" lies in the picture it gives of the cow country. The story is well managed; the capture of the wild black stallion on which the hero has set his heart is made both impossible and credible; but what one will remember is not the despair when the horse goes through the trap the first time, nor the triumph when he is caught and tamed, but the fellowship one has had with the cowboys, with their strange carriage "as if the ground wasn't for them to step on." The author knows his country intimately, and can convey some of his knowledge to his readers. The style is pleasantly colloquial, yet with here and there an awkward, pseudo-literary passive construction that suggests that the writer is treating the Muse as he would behave to any other lady—with an engaging shyness.

FAMILY GROUP. By *Diana Patrick*. Dutton. $2.50.

LONE VOYAGERS. By *Wanda Fraiken Neff*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

SARAH AND SON. By *Timothy Shea*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

AN ARTIST PASSES. By *Arndt Giusti*. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

JIM THE CONQUEROR. By *Peter B. Kyne*. Cosmopolitan. $2.

WAR. By *Ludwig Renn*. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

THE LAUGHING QUEEN. By *E. Barrington*. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

THE TORCH AND OTHER TALES. By *Eden Phillpotts*. Macmillan. $2.50.

THE STORY OF KETH. By *Blanche Girouard*. Macmillan. $1.75.

EAGLES FLY HIGH. By *E. B. Dewing*. Stokes. $2.

SOLDIERS OF MISFORTUNE. By *Percival Christopher Wren*. Stokes. $2.

History

A HISTORY OF RUSSIA. By GEORGE VERNADSKY. Yale University Press. 1929. $4.

So far as we know this is the best one-volume work in its field among those written for foreigners. Factual, but not overburdened with details; precise, but with the largest sociological perspective; thoughtful, but quite scientific; original in its particular attention to Asiatic influences in Russian history and culture, but free from romanticism in idealization of these influences, the book presents a remarkable outline of the origin, growth, and change of Russian people, culture, and political organization. Half of the book is devoted to recent events in Russian history, the War and Revolution. It would be hard to find any other work which gives so competent, so concise and impartial a history of the Russian Revolution as the story which it carries up to 1929. A complete and excellent bibliography adds to the value of the work. Without any hesitation we recommend it both to students and to the general reader.

EARLY HISTORY OF ASSYRIA. By *Sidney Smith*. Dutton. $12.

THE BLOODY ASSIZE. By *Sir Edward Parry*. Dodd, Mead. $5.

THE COÖPERATIVE MOVEMENT IN RUSSIA DURING THE WAR. By *Eugene M. Kayden* and *Alexis N. Antsiferov*. Yale University Press. $4.

THE EFFECT OF THE WORLD WAR UPON THE COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY OF JAPAN. By *Kakujiro Yamasaki* and *Gotaro Ogawa*. Yale University Press. $4.

SEA WOLVES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN. By *E. Hamilton Currey*. Stokes. $1.50.

PERIL OF THE SEA. By *J. G. Lockhart*. Stokes. $1.50.

A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE. Epilogue. Vol. I. By *Elie Halévy*. Harcourt, Brace. $6.

Poetry

WREN'S NEST. By *T. Y. Cooper*. Hanover, Pa.: Picket Press. $2.50.

POEMS AND ESSAYS IN CONSCIOUSNESS. By *Alfred Hitch*. Published by the author, Box 122, Stockton, Calif.

HOVERING SHADOWS. By *Elizabeth Hollister Frost*. Harpers. $2.

ENGLISH POETRY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By *Oscar James Campbell* and *J. F. A. Pyre*. Crofts. $3.50.

ABBEYFEALE. By *Mary Quinlan Laughlin*. Badger.

Travel

A GLIMPSE OF GREECE. By EDWARD HUTTON. Macmillan. 1928.

Travel in modern Greece is a mixture of sentiment and irritation. The discomforts of travel are constantly alleviated by the beauty of the country and the ruins of its past glory. The perfect equipment for enjoying the land are, an ardor for archæology, a tough constitution, and an abundant humor. Mr. Hutton is apparently blessed with all three, and has made an enjoyable record of his tour with a deal of learning carefully concealed by small talk, and with much useful and definite information for the benefit of those who would see the high spots of Greece and who have not the energy to master Baedeker. Of course, since the last Baedeker was published in 1909, there is a good deal that Mr. Hutton has to say which is not accessible elsewhere. The indifferent reproductions of very good pictures are rather for those who stay at home, but the big map in the back of the book is a boon to all.

TRAILING THE TIGER. By *Mary Hastings Bradley*. Appleton. $3.50.

THE ITINERARY OF LUDOVICO DI VARTHEMA OF BOLOGNA. Translated by *John Winter Jones*. McKee. $10.

"IT WAS HIGH TIME FOR THIS BOOK TO BE WRITTEN." —*New York Times.*

"A FINE, TIMELY BOOK. GO OUT AND BUY IT." —*The Outlook.*

MEN AND MACHINES
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Business English

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Points of View

"A Reg'lar Feller"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In recent numbers of the *Review* there has been some discussion concerning the genesis of the description of George Sterling's face:—"like a Greek coin run over by a Roman chariot." It is said that Sterling was peeved. Very probably. So much depends upon what might have been on the coin. If it was the bust of some Greek worthy it would not be pleasant to have one's face referred to as "a good bust ruined by a Roman chariot." If it exhibited the Mithraic bull and accessories someone might call it "a stick-up man mashed flat by a Roman flivver." This might be equally unsatisfactory to one whose face had to be worn as publicly as that of George Sterling.

But this letter is not concerned with George Sterling's face and its relation to ancient history. It merely takes advantage of this mention of Sterling to recall an incident of his early youth that may be interesting to those who know him only through "The House of Orchids," "A Wine of Wizardry," or "The Testimony of the Suns."

When Sterling was a boy he lived in a coast town on Long Island; a town anciently of the whaling industry but more recently of fishing in general. The town was old and was proud of its age and its whaling memories, its whaling ancestry, its whalers' descendants, and its whalers' yarns. It was a decorous town with tried and true Victorian traditions. The man who whistled on Sunday would hardly be more welcome there than in Aberledy a hundred years ago. The great interest on Sunday was Church, and everybody went to church regularly or lost standing in the community promptly. And the Episcopal Church with its tall, slender spire was the receptacle for all the best people on the Sabbath Day. The town was proud of that church and all it stood for; but its pride was greatest in the spire. That spire was famous in the whole region round-about. It was the last thing the whaler saw as its tip dipped below the horizon and he faced the open sea. It was the first thing he saw on coming back from his labors, and he watched for the first glimpse of it as he watched for the welcome he knew awaited him at his home. Even the whales were said to keep an eye open for that steeple; but when they saw it they made for the deep sea immediately.

Now George Sterling was emphatically one of the boys of that town. Not that he was the topmost apple on the topmost bough; the distinction of that lofty and remote eminence belonged to another youngster of the most exceptionable ancestry, whose reticence and dignity effectually removed him from suspicion of any mischief—to all those except the wise ones who really knew him. But this pair, Sterling and his chum, could explain more queer things that happened in that town than any other combination of skill and intellect existing therein. Whenever the town was Eulenspiegled—which was not too seldom—none of the knowing ones ever thought of going beyond these two serene young saints.

Now it came to pass that this combination required a pirate flag; and as the chum had a flock of sisters and, at the moment, that flock was increased by the addition of a visitor to his home, it was decided to entrust the construction of the Jolly Roger to the young ladies. It may be here remarked that the visitor aforesaid became my wife many years later, and it is from her that these details are derived. The task was undertaken with enthusiasm, and not only was the job well done, but, by working far into the night, it was finished within the time specified. Being discreet young persons, they asked no questions but handed the flag to the youngsters and thought no more about it. Sterling and chum did a lot of boating and swimming, and certainly a pirate flag could fit into activities of that kind.

On Sunday morning the good people of the town were wending their way tranquilly to the Episcopal church, clad in all the serenity peculiarly the attribute of small coast towns. Someone more impressed than the others with the beauty of the morning and the thought of the beauty of holiness that it suggested, happened to raise his or her eyes to that lofty steeple to gaze upon its proud aspiration to the heavens; and right there that town had the shock of its whole existence. For waving from the topmost top of that spire was the pirate flag which the devoted young ladies had made in response to brotherly solicitation. There was no evidence of how the thing had been placed in its position, nor had anyone seen anybody around the church at any time during the night; nevertheless there was the Jolly Roger flaunting its disgraceful self for the edification of all whales and whalers past and present. The town went into executive session right then and there, and the *mass consciousness turned instinctively to* Sterling and Chum who were gazing serenely at the flag. Being duly interviewed, cross-questioned, bullied, threatened, and implored, these young persons produced an alibi of proof that withstood all attacks. For days the town was upset in its quiet ways, and meanwhile the flag was doing its stuff where nobody could get at it until a scaffold was constructed for its removal. The scandal was so great that Sterling and Chum found it desirable to leave town. They went west and stayed there for years and years. The chum came back shortly before his death many years after the incident, but it is not clear whether or not Sterling ever came back at all. The incident of the flag was town talk for years, and how it got to the top of the steeple was matter of frequent discussion. As a matter of fact, someone had climbed up the lightning rod in the dead of night and had nailed it there. It is not necessary to be too explicit as to the actual climber. Both the members of the firm of Sterling and Chum are now dead. George Sterling certainly was a "reglar feller" in his home town.

G. H. CUNNINGHAM.

Valley Cottage, N. Y.

Henry Arthur Jones

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I am literary executrix of my father, Henry Arthur Jones, and I am engaged on writing his life. I shall be obliged if any of his friends in America could give me information respecting his visits there between 1885 and 1900. I shall be most grateful for the loan of any interesting letters written by my father, and I will return them as soon as they are copied.

DORIS THORNE.

The Guards Club, Brook St., London, W.

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Modernistic Printing

I HAVE remarked from time to time on the fact that the modernistic chaps who are having a riotous time in advertising have as yet had no chance with books. Payson & Clarke send me a copy of "The Naked Year," as an instance of modernism in typography, but unfortunately it is merely freakish—with quite erratic use of sans-serif type to justify any supposition of modernity. In the same package is a copy of their "Autumn Books, 1929"—and that is another story. It is frankly done in a readable sans-serif type, with an ultra-modern letter for the classification heads. It seems to me very well done indeed, for that sort of thing—adhering to the conventional sufficiently to make for quick and easy reading, and going in for jazz where permissible. And furthermore, the same sort of type is used throughout, making for a unity which so many of the devotees of modernism seem to think they can disregard with impunity. Also—though this is impertinent—I find that I can read the "Autumn Books" more understandingly than I can "The Naked Year."

R.

Practical Book-Binding

IN 1901 Mr. Douglas Cockerell wrote his "Bookbinding, and the Care of Books," which was issued in the Artistic Crafts Series of Technical Handbooks. In 1904 W. H. Smith & Son issued Mr. Cockerell's "Note on Bookbinding." Now Oxford University Press has issued a small book entitled "Some Notes on Bookbinding," based on Mr. Cockerell's lectures at the London County Council Central School of Arts and Crafts. These three books taken together (the 1904 "Note," by the way, is reprinted in the current volume) are an admirable and restrained consideration of bookbinding by one of the most competent of binders.

The soundness of Mr. Cockerell's views is easily tested by his chapter on "Covering Material," where the relative values of various leathers, cloths, etc., are correctly assessed, and such dubious substances as artificial leathers are condemned. The author's recommendations are in no way fanatical, but can be studied to advantage by all who have to do with the binding of books, even by those who have little to do with and no knowledge of the *craft* of binding. To those who are interested in an ancient and honorable craft this book, while offering nothing new, is excellent reading.

R.

Odd Items

THE managers of the Cygnet Press have sent out to their friends a small paper-covered brochure about William A. Dwiggins by Paul Hollister, the essay having originally appeared in *Direct Advertising*. The type has been set at "The Sign of the George," and printed at the Harvard University Press. Some of Mr. Dwiggins's designs are reproduced, including that for the Cygnet Press.

ANOTHER German almanac for 1929 comes from the printing firm of Jahoda & Siegel of Vienna. The current issue contains a selection of animal stories from various European writers, with pictures by Hanna Schiff, together with the usual "Kalendarium" for 1929. The small book is gotten up in the current interesting style of German printing.

R.

"A Way Out"

ROBERT FROST'S one-act play, "A Way Out," has been simply printed by the Harbor Press in an edition of four hundred and eighty-five copies. The dedication, "To Roland A. Wood, who created the part of Asie," gives a clue to the interest which the Harbor Press must have taken in printing the play.

This is no place, as I have before remarked, to speak of the value of literary productions (though I sometimes rush in where I should not!) and in any case to read a dramatic piece is pretty tame compared with seeing it acted. But in all my experience of Yankees of Asie's mentality, I never heard one utter so academic a sentence as "I so seldom have occasion to speak of 'em."

The printing of the book is of that straightforward quality which distinguishes the Harbor Press, and for which, in a day of febrile typography, one is very glad.

R.

"Monsieur Vénus"

SO much time and energy to-day goes into the printing and publishing of erotic literature which really isn't worth the paper it is printed on, that it is rather a relief to come on a reprint of Madame Vallette's story of Raoul de Vénérande and her decadent desire to create a new sin. Here is a story which might easily have been marred in the telling, since the subject is already *vicié* in the imagining. But the telling is done with quite extraordinary skill: that delicacy of touch which alone redeems the erotic has been exercised in the history of the morbid but imperious Raoule, and the translator, Madeleine Boyd, has not been unfaithful to her original. The present edition is quite worth while as a suitable setting of a story which ought not to die—or be quite suppressed by the Pecksniffian regulators of public affairs: though it is well to remember that Madame Vallette was fined by the Belgian Pecksniffs!

The printing, as is not always the case, has been done with restraint and good craftsmanship, though a typographic arrangement more suggestive of the subject might easily have been worked out. The illustrations by Majeska are the less satisfactory in that the book calls for something better.

Twelve hundred odd copies have been published by the Covici-Friede Company; with thirteen copies on Van Gelder paper, each containing an original drawing. Ernest Boyd and Maurice Barrès contribute introductory pages.

R.

Some Advance Notices

CATALOGUE OF WORK OF THE DE VINNE PRESS shown at the Grolier Club, 1928 . . . with addresses by I. H. BRANERD and J. C. OSWALD. Privately printed. 300 copies.
New York, The Grolier Club.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN NEW HAMPSHIRE, by ELWIN L. PAGE. 750 copies. $6.50.
Boston, Houghton Mifflin Co.

NEWS-LETTER OF THE LXIVMOS. The October number will be printed in Didot's microscopique type by Hertzberger of Amsterdam.

WE printed last week a few of the titles and the high prices brought for them at the sale at Sotheby's June 3-7, inclusive, and now add the following to the list:

The high prices for first editions of eighteenth-century books were: Thomas Gray's "Elegy," 1751, £1,340; Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," 1719-1720, 3 volumes, rebound by Bedford, £1,100; Smollett "Roderick Random," 1748, £220; Fielding's "Joseph Andrews," 1742, £235; Richardson's "Clarissa," 1748-1751, £70; Gay's "Fables," 1728-1738, £60; Oliver Goldsmith's "The Traveller," 1765, £60; "The Deserted Village," 1770, £68; and "Retaliation," 1774, £400; Johnson's "The Plan of a Dictionary," 1747, £110; Boswell's "Life," 1791, £120 (a copy of this last, entirely uncut, in the original boards, sold later at Hodgson's for £880).

The nineteenth-century authors brought equally impressive prices: Charlotte Brontë's "Jane Eyre," 1847, with 32 pages of advertisements, and in the original cloth, £690; Shelley's "Laon and Cythna," 1818, inscribed on the title-page "From the author," £230; his "Zastrozzi," 1810, wanting the half-title, £58; "Queen Mab," 1813, with the title and next leaf taken from a shorter copy, £50; "Rosalind and Helen," 1819, in the original wrappers, and with two leaves of advertisements, £285; another copy of the same title, rebound, and

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lacking the advertisements, £40; "The Cenci," 1819, £199; Coleridge's "The Piccolomini," 1800, inscribed by the translator to Mrs. J. A. Russell, £100; "Christabel," 1816, £35; "Zapolya," 1817, with several additional lines in manuscript by the author, £30; "Poems on Various Subjects," 1796, by Coleridge and Charles Lamb, £62; Sir Walter Scott's "Guy Mannering," 1815, in the original boards, uncut, £255; Jane Austen's "Mansfield Park," 1814, a slightly defective copy, £49; Lamb's "John Woodvil," 1802, £130; Bret Harte's "The Twins of Table Mountain," a presentation copy to George Eliot, £86; Thackeray's "The Second Funeral of Napoleon," 1841, in the original gray wrappers, £215; Anthony Trollope's "Sir Harry Hotspur," 1871, presentation copy to George Eliot, £52; and Stevenson's "The Pentland Rising," 1866, £115.

Thomas Hardy's "The Dynasts," 1903-1908, with three autograph letters from the author to Mr. A. G. Gardiner, brought only £440. The Kipling prices were: the first American edition of "Stalky & Co.," 1899, £57; "Soldiers Three," 1900, a presentation copy from the author to the ward-room of H.M.S. *Nile*, £68; and "Captains Courageous," 1908, presentation copy inscribed by the author, £60.

The Hodgson sale later in the month, in addition to the copy of Boswell already spoken of, was especially remarkable for the price paid for the 1859 "Rubaiyat," £1,410. At the same time, an unusually fine and perfect copy of Keats's "Endymion," 1818, in the original boards, uncut and largely unopened, brought £760. The other high prices were: Smollett's "Peregrine Pickle," 1751, £230; Goldsmith's "The Vicar of Wakefield," 1766, £675; Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare," 1807, £250; and Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," 1891, in the original cloth, £265.

G. M. T.

THE Angel Alley Press announces for publication a volume of interest to book lovers, book collectors, and librarians.

The volume is entitled "Incunabulum Incunabulorum" and is written by Mr. Edwin Emerson of New York City. It is the authentic story of the copy of the Gutenberg Bible printed on vellum, now in the library of Dr. Otto H. F. Vollbehr in Berlin, which was acquired by him in 1926 for $305,000. This is one of the three perfect vellum copies of the Gutenberg Bible known to exist, the other two being in the British Museum and the Bibliothèque Royal in Paris.

The forthcoming volume is a reprint with added illustrations, index, and other text matter, of the paper-covered Monograph privately issued by Mr. Emerson in the Spring of 1928 and long since out of print. The new volume will be beautifully printed in 12 point Caslon, old style type, on good book paper and substantially bound in decorative boards.

A unique feature will be four full page portraits of John Gutenberg and a portrait of Dr. Vollbehr with his precious masterpiece.

The book will also contain a table showing the owner, location, and condition of the twelve known Gutenberg Bibles on vellum. There is also a well documented chapter entitled "A Man of Mystery" which would seem to prove that Johanne Faust, who robbed John Gutenberg of the rewards of his great invention and who was later arrested in Paris for dealing in Black Magic, actually became the original of both Marlowe's and Goethe's "Faust" and the whole Faust legend.

H. G. Wells's manuscript of "Aepyornis Island" was sold for £950 by Sir Ernest Benn at the recent dinner of the East-end Hostels Association in London. The *Pall Mall Budget* paid nine guineas for the MS., which is one of the very few Wells holographs in existence, as he has for many years used a typewriter.

The Luttrell Psalter, produced in England nearly six hundred years ago, and famous for its marginal drawings showing the social customs of medieval England, will be auctioned in London on July 29th.

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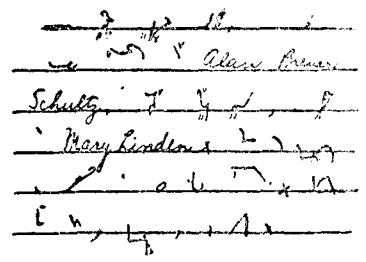

These Isaac Pitman hieroglyphics from last week's *Inner Sanctum* are hereby deciphered so that she who reads may run—to the nearest bookstore:

Coming Thursday, July 18, a new novel by Alan Brener Schultz entitled Private Secretary. The Story of Mary Linden. Ask your bookseller to reserve a first edition copy. It will be talked about, dictated, but read.

Your correspondents hesitate to predict sales but they are convinced that *Private Secretary* will have a keen appeal to many readers, because it tells a spirited and romantic story with precision and gusto . . . because it has a good box-office title . . . because it rings true . . . because the author knows full well what happens behind the frosted glass doors of Big Business . . . but chiefly because literally hundreds of thousands of girls live their lives not "at home" but "at the office" . . . By a stalwart exercise of will power the temptation to call *Private Secretary* the Saga of a Stenographer has been resisted.

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"Golden Pilgrimage," the first novel of young *Bayard Schindel*, son of *Isa Glenn*,—he is scarcely twenty-one,—concerns the years 1914 to 1918 from the point of view of a small boy brought up in the United States Army. It is an unusual type of story, written out of vivid memories. It is an entirely different sort of book concerning arms and the young man. . . .

On the first of October J. H. Sears and Company will publish the definite biography of *Lloyd George*, written by *J. Hugh Edwards, M. P.*, with an introduction by *Charles Evans Hughes*. The work is in two volumes. . . .

Arnold Zweig's proposed trilogy of which "Sergeant Grischa" was originally intended to be the second volume, the first and third still to be written, has now evolved into a tetralogy, according to the Viking Press. "Sergeant Grischa" is now in third position, and the second volume, nearing completion, will immediately precede it in the series, though published later. It is to be called "Education before Verdun." . . .

Count Byron Kuhn de Prorok, whose new book, "Mysterious Sahara," will be published in the fall by Reilly & Lee, discovered recently a touching collection of Libyan inscriptions carved on the side of what he was moved to designate as "Love Mountain." They are Tifian inscriptions of great antiquity but not uncommon urgency—their multiple variations reiterate the heart's unchanging desire in such messages as "Lili loves Bellzar," "Matouki is still waiting for Rzzohra" (undying testimonial at any rate), "Eternal love for Dashi," and the pathetic "I have surely said to you all that I can." . . .

Our honored friend, *A. Hugh Fisher*, etcher and poet, sends us the following communication from Bayswater, London. . . .

At the Aeolian Hall in Bond Street this afternoon I saw this year's "Hawthornden Prize" awarded for *Siegfried Sassoon's* "The Memoirs of a Foxhunting Man."

In spite of the heat wave a large audience had gathered and they were richly entertained by a delightful speech from *Lord Lonsdale*, whom *Miss Alice Warrender*, the generous donor, had persuaded to take the chair and announce the award.

He was the ideal foxhunting chairman. Rosy cheeks set off by white side whiskers and large white eyebrows above his merry eyes: white cravat and flower in buttonhole.

On the platform sat Miss Warrender and, except for *Squire*, the members of the Committee—*Robert Lynd*, *Edmund Blunden*, *Eddie Marsh*, and *Laurence Binyon*. The atmosphere was somewhat Tartarian as the sunshine oozing bloodily through redstuff curtains drawn over all the windows mingled with the light from tinted electric lamps.

"During our lives," said Lord Lonsdale, "there are times when we are asked to take a certain position we feel absolutely inadequate to occupy and this afternoon is my first association with literary work.

"But so far as the foxhunting man is concerned I feel I have some authority to express an opinion about this charmingly written book. It is so entirely after my own taste. When I was a boy at Eton I was asked which was the greatest book. I replied, 'My mother says the Bible is: my father says Shakespeare: but my own inclination is for "Jorrocks".'"

He went on to praise Sassoon's memoirs from the description of his first little black pony with little black mane and tail called Rob Roy onwards to his experiences in the war.

Interspersed with these comments Lord Lonsdale introduced incidents of his own boyhood. His father had procured for his children a remarkable Belgian professor of the Haute École but he considered that "Mackenzie" was the better man and cited a tussle that occurred between the latter and himself as a small boy of nine. He had "let his pony go away" and to mark this crime Mackenzie refused to let him go hunting the next day. Whereupon the boy filled Mackenzie's boots with cayenne pepper. Wet fields caused his feet to "burn like blazes" and sent him home, whereupon the culprit gleefully had a good morning's hunting unbeknown

He declared the book gives the absolute feeling of the sport and has beyond all that a funé of poetry. "In those parts describing his experiences in the war he seems to have put not only his own reminiscences but what he saw that others did not see." He thought it one of the best written books of the war seen for some time.

Edmund Blunden, a previous Hawthornden winner and a friend, received the prize on Sassoon's behalf as he was unavoidably away tending a sick relative in France. And Blunden, who calls this book a great document of the last phase of country England, the England before the war, declared that Sassoon has the rare gift of being able to make one man's experience universal. He told us that Sassoon is now setting out on his next book—a continuation of his own war experiences as an infantry officer.

Laurence Binyon with his usual grace moved a vote of thanks and spoke of Blunden's recent book, "Undertones of War," as likely to prove one of the few surviving classics of our time.

And then—the heat wave in Bond Street once again.

I wish you could have seen the courtly way in which Lord Lonsdale handed Miss Warrender into his canary coloured salon car. A Persephone whose annual return we shall continue eagerly to expect.

Jonathan Nield's "A Guide to the Best Historical Novels and Tales" is a valuable reference book, recently brought out by Macmillan in a new edition. The price is nine dollars a copy. This standard work has already been through five editions. The annotations are now both more detailed and more accurate. . . .

The first American edition of "War," by *Ludwig Renn*, has been entirely exhausted and a second larger printing has been ordered by Dodd, Mead to meet advance demands. . . .

If we knew where *O'Reilley* was we would get that infamous mouse to edit this department while we are away in the Golden West. As it is, we must let what will befall. We write this on the very eve of departure. We are worn out with the literary life. But when the parties start up again in the early fall we shall indubitably be there, slave as we are of the roaring presses. . . .

One book we expect to enjoy on the train is "Fish Preferred" by *P. G. Wodehouse* (Doubleday, Doran). We love Wodehouse. We also expect to enjoy *Katharine Brush's* new volume of short stories, "Night Club" (Minton, Balch). . . .

We recently acquired a copy of the suppressed book of poems, "Pansies," by *D. H. Lawrence*. They are savage, but we didn't at all see why they should have been suppressed. The more we consider suppression the more we marvel at its remarkable stupidity. As if it ever really put a book people wanted to read out of circulation; as though it ever did anything but stimulate interest in said book! . . .

How many books there be! As the sands upon the sea; how many books, how many books, how many books there be! Though I very seldom see one that quite appeals to me; how many books, how many books, how many books there be! Though you go and climb a tree or plunge downward in the sea, how many books, how many books, how many books there be! Though sometimes a few agree that one book is up in G, how many books, how many books, how many books there be! Though at sales of two or three, lucky publishers hop with glee, how many books, how many books, how many books there be! And ever the cocktail-tea and riotous revelree proclaim the books, the many books, the many books there be! It leads to in-san-i-tee (which has certainly come to me!) because of books, the many books, the many books there be! That's why I intend to flee on the Twentieth Centuree, though I know I can't hope to escape the books, the many books there be. . . .

Quick exit, laughing hysterically.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, 2 Bramerton Street, Chelsea, S. W., London, England.

THE Reader's Guide has settled as comfortably into Chelsea again as if it were yesterday instead of nearly ten months since it was established on the top floor of 2 Bramerton Street. The process of readjustment may have been helped by the fact that a new kitten has been installed, named Mr. Mole, after "The Wind in the Willows," who purrs in purest American. According to custom, I acknowledge the aid to travel afforded by certain steamer-books; this year the voyage was enlightened by "The Winged Horse Anthology," by Joseph Auslander and Frank Ernest Hill (Doubleday, Doran), which after intensive experience at sea I maintain is the best handy-sized collection of English verse that has yet been made. At least it is the one that most often brings to me that shiver of sheer delight that means that the poetic nerve has been touched. I had also "Realms of Gold," the *catalogue raisonnée* of the Bookshop for Boys and Girls, a portly, invaluable volume by Bertha E. Mahony and Elinor Whitney (Doubleday, Doran); I believe I was the only ocean traveller who took this along as a bedside companion, but it was well worth the transport; it is a grand book for anyone who loves either books or children. I can also recommend "Seven Brothers," by Alexander Kivi (Coward-McCann), the glorious chronicle of a family who would do almost anything rather than learn to read, who indeed conquered a wilderness and themselves before they downed the spelling-book. This is Finnish, and it deserves to be taken as freely in America as "Growth of the Soil." The trip on the new *Statendam* was smooth and sunny, and so is a new English novel that Stokes will publish in October, "The Rich Young Man," by G. M. Attenborough, and I suppose I should say nothing about it now, but it is comforting as Cinderella. Above all, I had with me Nora Hoult's "Poor Women!" (Harpers), because I wanted to read it several times more; this collection of short stories is the best illustration of the power of creative sympathy in fiction that I ever came upon in a first novel, and have found anywhere. These were some of the books that lightened the trip, which was dignified by the presence of the *Publishers Trade List Annual* sitting as usual beside my berth and producing a salutary awe in the minds of all the stewards. On one ship they used to bring one another in to look at it, and speculate on how much of this massive tome the occupant of the room might be expected to keep in her head. I was met in Bramerton Street by the usual outburst of mail, and have been too busy with that to get out and see the town, but it will no doubt wait until I can do so and report to my constituents in a later issue, again according to custom.

MISS HARRIET C. LONG, of the Wisconsin Library Commission, Madison, Wis., sends me a reading-list she has prepared for the use of clubs who desire to carry further their study of the period so brilliantly illuminated by Stephen Vincent Benét's "John Brown's Body" (Doubleday, Doran). This begins: "It is suggested that the club spend the entire year in the reading of this poem, which Professor Carl Russell Fish pronounces the best book of history written last year (1928)." I am glad that this practice obtains in Wisconsin; I had already seen evidences that it would prevail in other parts of the country, and had provided for this by one chapter of my forthcoming book, "Books as Windows," to be published in October by Stokes. This chapter is a discussion of the poem and of Civil War literature in general under the title, "A Breath of Grandeur," but the feature that links it with the Wisconsin list is that it is followed—as each chapter in this book is—by a reading-list intended for further study or for the encouragement of the delightful practice of reading by subject. My list was begun to outfit two of my friends, who read the poem aloud one section a night, and at the close were so uplifted that they set out to read the biography of every man mentioned in it. They were well along with the following list at last reports.

The biographies of characters mentioned in "John Brown's Body" begin with "John Brown, 1800-1859," by Oswald Garrison Villard (Houghton Mifflin), and the understanding study of Brown by Gamaliel Bradford in "Damaged Souls" (Houghton Mifflin). If an illustration should be needed for the first episode, it will be found in "Pilgrims, Indians, and Patriots," the second of Randolph Adams's source-books of contemporary prints and engravings of American history (Little, Brown), in which there is a ground-plan for stowing away human freight amidships on a slaver, appropriately shaped like a coffin.

Lee, "the shape that stands on Washington's left hand, uncomprehended and aloof . . . a blank-verse statue," is the subject of Gamaliel Bradford's "Lee the American" (Houghton Mifflin), William E. Dodd's "Lincoln and Lee" (Century), the dramatic poem "Lee," by Edgar Lee Masters (Macmillan), and John Drinkwater's play "Robert E. Lee" (Houghton Mifflin). There are two collective biographies of the highest importance for this list, Gamaliel Bradford's "Union Portraits" and "Confederate Portraits" (Houghton Mifflin), in which one may find several of the generals who figure in history and in the poem but have no biographical treatment. To these portraits might well be added the studies in Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice's "Statesmen and Soldiers of the Civil War" (Little, Brown). "Stonewall Jackson, wrapped in his beard and his silence, Cromwell-eyed, and ready with Cromwell's short bleak remedy," appears in this, in "Confederate Portraits," and in Allen Tate's recent life, "Stonewall Jackson, the Good Soldier" (Minton, Balch). At this time of writing announcement has just been made that Captain J. W. Thomason, author and illustrator of "Fix Bayonets" (Scribner), is at work on a biography of Jeb Stuart, the Confederate cavalry leader, that Scribner will publish.

"They make a good pair of hunting-dogs, Grant and Sherman," says Mr. Benét, "the nervous, explosive, passionate, slashing hound and the quiet, equable, deadly holder-on." For the first we have W. E. Woodward's "Meet General Grant" (Liveright), and for the second a new collection of letters and campaign diaries of Henry Hitchcock, "Marching with Sherman," edited by M. A. De Wolfe Howe and published by the Yale University Press. The story of the "overworked angel of common sense" is in "The Life of Clara Barton," by Percy H. Epler (Macmillan). There is a new life of "Jefferson Davis, Leader of the South," by Allen Tate (Minton, Balch), and H. J. Eckenrode's "Jefferson Davis, President of the South" (Macmillan) appeared in 1925.

Pickett came
And the South came
And the end came . . .
And the wind says,
"Long ago,
Long
Ago,"

sang the grass at Gettysburg. "Soldier of the South" (Houghton Mifflin) is the war letters of General George E. Pickett to his wife. Gettysburg has appeared more than once in fiction, but never more convincingly than in Elsie Singmaster's short-story collection "Gettysburg" (Houghton Mifflin), which is as much history as fiction.

The latest full-length biography of Greeley is Don C. Seitz's "Horace Greeley, Founder of the New York *Tribune*" (Bobbs-Merrill), and in Gamaliel Bradford's new collection of portraits of seven Americans of the Victorian age, "As God Made Them" (Houghton Mifflin), there is a sympathetic study of Greeley. The Sandburg Lincoln goes to the first inauguration and the new "Abraham Lincoln," by Albert J. Beveridge (Houghton Mifflin) to 1859; W. E. Barton's "Life of Abraham Lincoln" (Bobbs-Merrill) covers the full period, and Lloyd Lewis's "Myths After Lincoln" (Harcourt, Brace) picks up the story after his death with the funeral sermons, the story of the trial, and the emergence of the Wilkes Booth myths. "The Twisted Tendril," by Alice Glasgow (Stokes), is a life of J. W. Booth, told as a novel but keeping strictly to facts, and Francis Willon has lately written a historical biography, "John Wilkes Booth: Fact and Fiction of Lincoln's Assassination" (Houghton Mifflin). After many years without adequate biography, Lincoln's successor now has had two within a year, R. W. Winston's "Andrew Johnson, Plebeian and Patriot" (Holt), and Lloyd Paul Stryker's "Andrew Johnson, a Study in Courage" (Macmillan); another work recently published here is "American Reconstruction and the Impeachment of President Johnson," by Georges Clémenceau (Dial Press).

The best history of the period is James Ford Rhodes's "History of the Civil War" (Macmillan), a model of its kind. With this the student may take John Bach McMaster's "History of the People of the United States During Lincoln's Administration" (Appleton), following it with the study of reconstruction in Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer's "History of the United States since the Civil War" (Macmillan), of which five volumes have appeared.

The reading-list of the Wisconsin Library Commission includes a number of these biographies and adds several works of fiction, such as Stephen Crane's "Red Badge of Courage" (Appleton) and G. W. Cable's "John March, Southerner" (Scribners), and of description, like Leighton Parks's "Turnpikes and Dirt Roads" (Scribners). As all these books I have named are of fairly recent publication and most of them really new, there would be no such difficulty in getting them as there was for some years back in laying hold of non-fiction books about the period.

THE editor of *The Bookseller and Print Dealers' Weekly*, 29 West 47th Street, N. Y., writes to say that "out-of-print books are as likely to be found in this journal as in the *Publishers' Weekly*, and incloses a copy with a Books Wanted section to prove it. So add this to your list of finding agencies.

B. G., Evanston, Illinois, wishes to gather a library on the subject of fencing, to be added to a school of fencing.

THE only book I can find in print in the United States is a pamphlet that has been through several editions, "The Art of Fencing," by R. and L. Senac, published by the American Sports Publishing Company, 45 Rose Street, N. Y., costing 25 cents. On the allied subject of duelling there are a few volumes: "The Code Duello," by A. W. Patterson, published by the Richmond Press, Richmond, Va. ($2.75); "Savannah Duels and Duellists," a historical work by T. Gamble, Review Publishing Co., Savannah, Ga. ($2.25), and "Famous American Duels," a new and interesting sidelight on our social history, by Don G. Seitz (Crowell), though these encounters were not all conducted with the sword.

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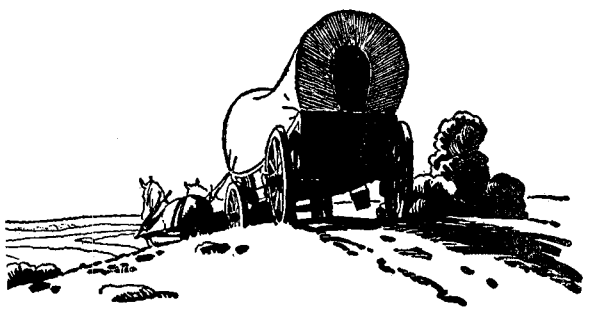

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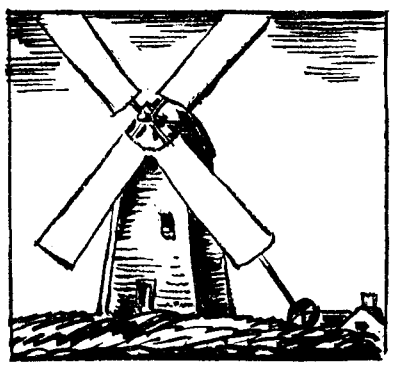

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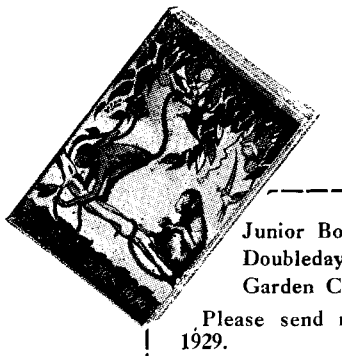

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